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THIS WORLD SO WIDE

W. L. RICHARDSON

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THIS WORLD SO WIDE

BY
W. L. RICHARDSON

For to admire an' for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!

KIPLING

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FOREWORD

In the pages that follow I have printed for some of my friends the travel letters written by me during the early summer of 1922. They are abridged here and there but otherwise are only slightly changed.

I shelter myself behind good old Isaak Walton and say in his words: "I propose not the gaining of credit by this undertaking." May my readers "receive as much pleasure or profit by it as may make it worthy of their perusal if they be not too grave or too busy. And this is all the confidence that I can put on concerning the merit of what is here offered to their consideration and censure."

PURSUING THE HORIZON

Since 10:23 Saturday morning, May 13, when the "Regina" gave its final whistle at the Montreal dock, we have been carrying our little world with us—450 cabin passengers, a smaller number of third class, and a little army of officers, crew, and stewards. As I write it seems as if this were my perpetual home, as if every morning during the rest of my life I would be called at 6:30 by a gentle voice: "Your bahth is ready, sir," and my existence were ever to be one long holiday in the midst of a vast unending waste of blue sea.

Our crossing is evidently to be made in just eight days. We were held back slightly by fog in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, by fresh head breezes the fifth and sixth days, and by rain and mist this seventh day. Since leaving the land our sights have been icebergs, a few whales, flocks of migratory birds, an occasional passing ship, and the constant miraculous beauty of the sea.

My fellow passengers are mostly Canadians and Englishmen, a modest proportion of Americans, and a clannish little group of Germans. The British outnumber the rest of us so decidedly that "My Country 'tis of Thee" is overwhelmed by the proud chorus of "God Save the King." I feel a bit queer with my nasal twang and my flat a's. The Canadian and English girls, I notice, are much more conventional than our American girls in the way they fix their hair (scarcely a bobbed poll amongst them), and in the length of their skirts. Quite frequently

one sees—oh horrors—their ears! A McGill University professor is my cabin mate. His name is Batho, though on the cabin list he appears as Bathe; thus he is changed from a noun to a verb. Generally they transform him, he tells me, to a South African general, Botha, by a little vowel shifting. He is quiet, gentlemanly, of irreproachable manners, with a hidden fund of humor and with an inclination towards the best in literature.

In the dining room I have four agreeable and steady companions who appear regularly three times daily. My steamer chair is contiguous to some delightful people. At my right are two Winnipeg Canadians of French extraction going with their little girl to England on a visit. They are quite unusual; anyone would be glad to know them. At my left are a couple from Los Angeles bound for a summer of travel and a winter at their villa on the Riviera. He is a substantial business man; she has been selected for her youthful beauty, charm, vivacity, and other good qualities. We are all for the time being her admirers and are grateful to him for bringing her along. Beyond her on the deck is a little body, generally either sick or asleep, but when awake and well an excellent companion who cares for the best things.

Our pleasures are numerous. We have a gymnasium where we can exercise and get weighed. There is an orchestra which plays a few times a day and is reputed to be excellent. I like it from a distance, for in the economy of my life music is useful in a subsidiary way only and must never be allowed to interfere with the greater urges. One evening we had a

dance on deck and another evening the inevitable concert where everybody suddenly blossomed out in all his finery: the glass of fashion and the mould of form.

My haunts are various. I like the deck, though not as much as some; the steamer chair becomes wearisome after a little. Nine times around the deck makes a mile, and I have done it repeatedly but have not made it a fetish. There is a little Englishman in knee breeches and a cane who rushes along perpetually, up and down the deck like a bear at the zoo. I like the lounge though it is a trifle noisy. I like the reading room though it is a bit too ladylike a place and the inexhaustible conversation of those females gets on my nerves. The smoking room is too groggy. On the whole, my favorite spot is C 85, my stateroom. I stretch out on the luxurious couch under the porthole, where I can hear the swish of the waves and the delicious creak of the ribs of the boat and the distant throb of the engine, and where I can read my book. I have read Brander Matthews' book of European plays, and Tinker's "The Young Boswell," and Van Loon's "Story of Mankind," and "Civilization in the United States, by Thirty Americans," and Henry Adams' "Mont St. Michel and Chartres," and Paul Elmore More's "The Religion of Plato." The last is deeply philosophical, and I have not finished it. The Henry Adams book and the "Civilization" book have made the deepest impression on me. From my point of view the primary thesis of the Thirty Americans is quite wrong. These writers have the vast assurance of youth, a comparatively slight interest in

the past, an undue fondness for the things of today. There are no prohibitions, no beliefs except in one's self, nothing is sacred but music. These men are extraordinarily clever and versatile and satirical and contemptuous. It is a tabasco-sauce book they offer; a little of their philosophy goes a long way and it needs to be mixed judiciously with the good and satisfying things of life. The Henry Adams volume is pure gold, written in chaste English, informing, inspiring. It conveys a distinction on the reader; it imparts some of the enthusiasm of the writer for art, religion, letters, and history.

I am writing this on Saturday evening. At four in the afternoon we caught a distant glimpse of the north of Ireland through the mist. It looked neither green nor orange. Tomorrow, at some hour now unknown, we land at Liverpool. Then this pleasant company will disperse and the eye of man shall look upon us no more.

OLD ENGLAND

At 1:20 P. M., Sunday, May 21, I entered the land of tea and buttered bread. Long before this everybody was neatly packed, had distributed his fees, and had put on his going-ashore clothes and hat. Our progress had been slight that morning, due to a dense fog, but when we returned to deck after an early luncheon there were Liverpool and Birkenhead looming out of the mist. The officials came aboard. We "aliens" were herded into the lounge; I now know how an alien feels! The "Regina" docked. I took my turn with my blue landing ticket to prove that John Bull had no objection to receive me, and finally stepped ashore.

A comfortable room was found at the Exchange Station Hotel. I then telephoned out to Liverpool College for Girls and asked the principal if I might visit the school that Sunday afternoon to see my young friend Isobel Evans. The permission was granted and I arranged to take the three o'clock train ten miles out to Huyton. Liverpool looked dull and drab enough as I walked through it. The heat, strange to say, was quite oppressive. But when my little bustling toy train—so inconsequential as compared with our great roaring giants—reached the real country and disclosed the green fields and hedges, the neat English homes, the flowering trees, I felt as if I had come to my own.

The school is in the center of a little English village. I found the principal at her home, the Grange; she proved an accomplished English gentle-

woman. Then Isobel was ushered in and I saw her after eight years. As a child of nine I had first met her at Carnarvon—only for a day—and in the interval we had corresponded constantly. It was quite wonderful to see her again and to find the same essential spirit unchanged. After tea we went through the college grounds—green lawns and trees, rhododendrons, apple-blossoms, ivy on the walls—saw the form rooms, assemblies, and dormitories, met two of the mistresses, and had much good talk. It was altogether a rich experience for me.

Back in Liverpool I had a chop and potato chips, bread and butter, and tea at a hole-in-the-wall restaurant, and then walked slowly through town. At two places I stopped for a moment on the outskirts of street services of the ultra-evangelical type. Those poverty-stricken people with neckcloths in the place of collars and wearing before-the-war clothes, singing those tinny and pious songs, affected me strongly. I could scarcely refrain from weeping.

On Monday, after a walk through town, a trip to the Walker Art Museum where my eyes feasted on the Holiday, Holman Hunt, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones paintings, and another brief visit with Isobel, I took the two o'clock train for London. On the way there was rain, giving way to fair weather, very hot and sticky. My companions in the coach were typical Englishmen of the lower middle class. One of them read a propagandist book on the rights of the labouring man, which I am happy to say put him off to sleep.

Lloyd George had returned to London from Genoa the day before. There seemed a large crowd

at the station when I arrived also. Fame! Fame! A taxi took my trunk, my bag, and myself to the downtown hotel district; but three hotels rejected me and I returned to Russell Square where the Imperial Hotel proved to have room and I was tucked away in a little stuffy corner. That first night was almost the worst of my generally happy and care-free existence. No breath of air stirred. In close reach of my window was a music hall, and the dull songs of the artists and the raucous applause of the audience sounded in my ears as I tried to sleep. I had acquired a stunning cold and a violent headache. And on top of that a tooth that had behaved in a gentlemanly manner for lo these many years suddenly began, after premonitory rumblings of several days, to throb convulsively. If I had known any one else in such sorry case I should have wept for him. In the morning I made a dentist appointment over the telephone and in due time presented myself at a stylish looks-like-a-residence building in the Hyde Park region. The maid answered my ring and I said "Dr. Paxton, please," and she said "kyu" ("thank you"), and I said "kyu"—this is a sacred rite in England and must on no account be omitted—and sat for a space in a tasteful waiting-room-parlor. Then I was shown upsatirs and the maid said "kyu" and I said "kyu" and here was Dr. Paxton, a man of charming manner, and abundant skill and expedition, and one who values his services at their full worth. He bored into me and found a neat and lively little abscess at the bottom of the tooth. Relief, comfort, happiness, exit.

Well, what have I done in London? My natural

habitat, I find, is in the region of the Strand. This is the heart of the heart of my true self. Oh London, my country, city of the soul! You start at the Haymarket and saunter along with eyes open and your mind acting like a sensitive disc recording every impression. At Johnson's Court and Bolt Court you step in and pay your devotion to the great Doctor. You have luncheon at the Cheshire Cheese —"rebuilt in 1667," and therefore tolerably old. You visit the Inner Temple and tread on the very flagstones that knew Charles Lamb. On and on you go while London rushes at an ever accelerating tempo, until finally you go into St. Paul's and sit in that cool and spacious interior with the mighty dead as your company. In the crypt are Florence Nightingdale and the Duke of Wellington and Lord Nelson—to mention no others. If you are Anglo-Saxon this is almost the meeting-place of the great figures of your race. Then on to St. Paul's Churchyard and to Cheapside, and where not else?

Our greatest American cities at their most crowded parts now exceed London, I think, in their traffic. This is because of the privately owned car. The public motor car is still the rule here. What is most impressive about London traffic is that it is so great at all points. There are important thoroughfares in every direction and these are constantly roaring with busses and cars and trucks.

I had the good fortune to be in London on Empire Flag Day, given up on this occasion to a tagging enterprise for the benefit of the London hospitals. This was conducted on a scale unparalleled in my experience. Eight million tags were ready for sale

and were taken care of by thirty-five thousand authorized volunteers. Peeresses and actresses were among the number; but you will be grieved to learn that I was tagged by a very ordinary English maiden. All the hurdy-gurdies in town were requisitioned and the bands and all kinds of musical instruments. Here would be a man standing on the top of a hand organ which was being played vigorously by one of his pals. He himself swung a pail and caught the pennies as they were tossed from the busses. Men were dressed as women in fantastic attire. There were American Indians in war paint and men in Hindoo garb, and at one point two music hall girls in tights and abbreviated skirts singing and dancing for the pennies. Altogether it was a gala day.

The English dames and damsels seem to me to be quite comely and attractive. That American excrescence, the flapper, has not yet arrived. Facial decoration is very slight. In this particular Chicago is nearer Paris than London is. Occasionally one sees the longer-skirt Paris style. The contrasts between great wealth and the direst poverty are observable on every hand. In the city frock coats and striped trousers and silk hats and light gloves are frequent. Why the men do it in this torrid temperature I cannot explain; I only impart the fact.

I arrived in a period of great heat which has continued uninterruptedly. At its worst it has reached 88° officially, very unusual for London. I try to overlook it, considering it merely an unfortunate lapse on the part of an old and honored friend.

The Londoners go right on drinking their hot tea and dressing in all their clothes. I saw about a hundred of them, however, crowding around Selfridge's ice cream and soda-water counter. They may therefore come to American ways if the heat continues, which the gods forbid.

In my spare time I have amused myself in various ways. I have been twice at Ginn and Company's office, have been greeted like a member of the family, and have partaken of afternoon tea. My customary visit was made to the British Museum. Here I spent most of my time in investigating the stone hatchets and other curious things left by my very remote ancestors, the earliest inhabitants of this tight little island. My instinct also has led me into the book shops, and I have stood at the shelves and sat at the tables and done my best to avoid buying the alluring treasures that I have discovered.

On this last morning, two and a half days after reaching London, I have taken a final stroll into the Strand, then down to the Thames Embankment, and out to the Houses of Parliament. I have walked across Westminster Bridge and back to the Parliament Buildings just as the members of the House of Commons were going in to hear Lloyd George give his official report of the Genoa Conference. Then on to Westminster Abbey where I found the morning service in progress. Dropping into a seat I found that the slab at my side showed the resting place of William Ewart Gladstone. The monuments all about rendered tribute to persons scarcely less distinguished. The innumerable associations which this place brings to mind almost overwhelm one.

I am writing within the Abbey and I am surrounded by the great souls of the English-speaking world.

Now, if you will excuse me, I shall bid London adieu and go mount my enchanted steed, turn the button under his right ear, and fly away to distant lands.

I SEEK THE HEIGHTS

Those who go by air from London to Paris drive out by motor (this is included in the passage ticket) to Croydon which is about fourteen miles south of London. I sat with the motorman, a typical cockney who discoursed fluently of world politics and other matters of earth, sea, and sky. The other day, he said, he had taken out to Croydon at ten in the morning a woman on her way to Amsterdam. She was in the chicken-raising business; and she was back at Croydon before five with eight hundred one day old chicks, all of which he safely stowed in his motor and delivered at the woman's home. What did the little chicks think about, en route, I wonder.

We went over Chelsea bridge, through Clapham and Tooting, and in forty minutes reached the landing field east of Croydon. The same field is used by all the lines—the Handley-Page, the Instone, and the C. M. A. (Companie des Messageries Aériennes). The last named was the one I was to use. It is possible for as many as two hundred passengers to be handled on a full day in the London-Paris services. After the inevitable passport formalities I walked out to the field and inspected my plane with the greatest possible interest. It was a Farman, marked F-UHMF, with a blue body and blue uprights, equipped with two powerful motors of perhaps four and a half feet in diameter and with 750 horsepower. The body is made mostly of papier-maché with a wooden floor. The width inside is

about five feet and the height six or a trifle more. A little forward of the center point sits the engineer, with a set of releases and a wheel very much the same as the equipment of an automobile. His mechanician is always at hand. There is room for four passengers in front of them and eight back of them, besides storage space for mail and other merchandise. We had four sacks of mail. The motors (in front, of course) furnish the power and the steering is managed by a rudder at the back and by movable sections at the rear end of the two planes. The planes are huge but very light and graceful.

As to the passengers on this sailing, there was just one, as it happened. I felt as if I had hired a private plane for my own use. Seated in the front seat of the carriage I surveyed the field with tense interest as the motor started with a buzz, a whirr, and a roar. It was 1:09 P. M. My seat was wicker with a comfortable cushion. In ready reach was a two-handled aluminum can, an unpleasant looking thing, first aid to the air-sick. The ventilation of the cab was in front, a lower disc with a dozen or so holes, closed except at the start, and near the top of the carriage a horizontal row of thirteen holes the size of five-cent pieces. At the beginning the temperature was about 85° and at the Paris end probably 90°, but on the way the temperature lowered to 50° or less and I donned my overcoat.

The entire structure quivered constantly, and when I touched the frame my fingers beat a rat-ta-tat. The noise of the motors, one five feet to my left and the other eight feet to my right, both quite unmuffled, of course, cannot be escaped. It was really

of slight consequence, for one soon forgets it. After a little I tried the experiment of speaking. My lips moved, my ears did not register. I sang "Yankee Doodle"—not the slightest echo (splendid for a non-musical singer like myself!); I tried a shrill whistle, and this finally could be caught. When I dismounted from the car my ears felt as if they were full of water after a swim in the lake, and the condition did not clear up until about two hours had passed.

Well, as I say, I was on the way at 1:09 o'clock. We bumped along the landing field and then imperceptibly took the air. It looked as if we might hit the fences and the aerodromes but we were already fifty feet above them. We mounted rapidly in a great circle and pointed south. In full motion the car, except for the quivering, was remarkably steady, and I had no difficulty in writing. Occasionally we struck a little puff of air and we gave a little duck, as a kite will. The feeling is in the pit of one's stomach. If it lasted any length of time the experience would be alarming, no doubt. But I felt absolutely secure all the time and had no timidity in anticipation of the trip, or at starting, or in motion, or on landing. I enjoyed it so hugely I should have been glad to have gone on to Constantinople. The windows were directly in front of me and all around, and I could see perfectly, straight ahead and up and down.

Our speed during the first part of the journey was perhaps one hundred miles an hour. Frequently the 250-mile distance is covered in just two hours. But I think the engineer decided to save his petrol on this trip, in view of the fact that there was only one

passenger; and he took three hours and twenty-two minutes. This suited me perfectly for it gave me more for my $29.00 worth. Even as it was we rushed along at a great rate. I say this because I know it must be so, but the extraordinary thing was that we seemed to be creeping at a snail's progress. The fields and villages and streams and woods presented themselves sedately, slowly came and slowly went. One can see such enormous distances from an airplane that he cannot, of course, pick up everything at once and rush by like a railway train passing a telegraph pole.

The weather was ideal for such a trip, warm below and hence not too cold above. There were patches of blue sky and patches of clouds. The air was still but we made a great breeze. At one point came a nice little rainstorm, and the drops ran across the window panes like little tadpoles from right to left, not of course from the top to the bottom of the pane.

I have no skill to measure heights but it seemed to me that we were at first relatively low, to keep under the patches of clouds. Even at that the distance was great. The villages were absuredly small, the trains were little toys, and the cows and sheep looked like insects or pebbles. There was a strange sense of the levelling out of all the land, for only real hills could be distinguished as anything but a flat plain. Houses, country estates, towns, wooded stretches, streams and little winding brooks, roads—great trunk roads, common wagon roads, country lanes and delicate little foot paths—all moved by in stately fashion.

At 1:57 o'clock we were over the LYMPNE landing field, marked in great white letters under a huge circle; and a minute later we reached the Channel. We were near Folkestone, and the cliffs of Dover were in plain sight. All the way across the Channel I could see the bottom! This is the literal truth. There was plain sand, and many whitish rocks, and patches of dark brown (possibly seaweed). It all looked quite safe and comfortable. If I had been wrecked I should simply have waded ashore. The channel steamers had the appearance of cigars and a little chip of brown wood proved to be a steam yacht.

The coast of France could be distinguished at hand at 1:12, only thirteen minutes after we had passed the Dover cliffs. At that point the coast of France drops away south. We remained over the water until we reached Boulogne and then flew directly over it (1:25 P. M.). It is an imposing city, with an imposing harbor.

We were now at an immensely greater height and for an hour were literally over the clouds, above us the blue-blue sky and the sun, below us beautiful fleecy clouds with occasional glimpses of the land below, and then a solid bed of woolly clouds on which, to all appearances, one could have walked for miles. This was the best of the trip. Oh, I tell you, air travel is a glorious invention. It is the method that our succesors will use to annihilate space and to see the beauties of the world.

Then we got beyond the clouds and all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them were displayed again. The French countryside looked like a

complex crazy quilt, from bright yellows to browns and reds and vivid greens. The height was so great that no small objects could be seen, and of course no movement even of motor cars on the roads. Many, many miles could be surveyed in that clear atmosphere. We were not far from the battle-fields of northern France. They stretched along to the north and northeast. We passed the city of Beauvais at four o'clock. We crossed the Oise (the stream that R. L. S. used on his "Inland Voyage") at Creil, and then surveyed our largest wooded tract, the Forest Chantilly. At 4:23 our motors slacked their speed slightly and we visibly descended. The French fields with their brilliant green seemed to be pushing themselves upward. St. Denis was close at hand and below Le Bourget landing field. The shadow of our plane could be seen on the ground; other planes circled about, and twenty or more were on the field. We made a great circle, hit the ground with a delicate little bump at 4:31 o'clock and ran along to our landing platform. And this was France, and a French official jabbered at me, and a passport officer examined me, and a great crowd of merry-makers (it was a special exhibition flying day at Le Bourget field) stared at me, and a nappy little Frenchman motored me in twenty minutes to Hotel Cayré near the Louvre.

I have traveled by land and sea and air, and the air is the best of all.

PARIS TO FLORENCE

That first evening in Paris (May 25) I took a stroll, from my hotel just south of the Seine, across the river, through the Tuilleries Gardens, along the Champs Élysées, almost to the Arc de Triomphe and back. It is the great promenade place of Paris. One scarcely ever tires of it. London always has a vigorous, substantial, dependable character like the roast beef of England; Paris is æsthetic, sensuous, alluring, exotic. The French people have a great deal of charm, and the dress of both men and women is commonly quite formal and exquisite, living up to the Parisian traditions of hundreds of years. It is always interesting to observe the lovely demoiselles. As compared with our home product their skirts are longer, their sleeves are shorter, their lips are redder, their speech if possible is more voluble, and their manners are more how-do-you-do. I saw a beautiful thing in gray—gray shoes, gray silk stockings, a lovely gray gown coming down (in a center bias strip) as far as the ankles, a chic gray hat. The wearer of all this was lovely beyond compare. She wore no sleeves, her lips were red, her cheeks touched with rouge ever-so-slightly, her jet earrings depended about four inches. As she moved along it seemed to me that while the rest of the world might be considered reasonably well dressed, this fair creature was the goddess Fashion herself.

The streets of Paris, especially in the region of the Opera, are lively and crowded. There is much reckless driving and disregard of rules. The traffic

is heavy, but my private opinion is that if anyone can cross Michigan Avenue in Chicago he can cross any street in the world. There seem to be more movie shows in Paris than in London, but of course both fall far below our level. At one place I saw a big sign proclaiming "Le Docteur Jekyll et Mr. Hyde, un film sensational, Le Summum de L'Art Anglais. Exclusivité—Production Paramount."

All the next day I trudged the streets of Paris, the main thoroughfares and many byways and hedges. It was Ascension Day in the religious calendar, and some places, such as the Louvre and the Luxembourg, which I had reckoned on seeing, were closed. The day was relatively cool and I had a delightful tramp, drinking in all the sensations I could. Of course I stepped into Notre Dame in the course of my wanderings. The interior displays hundreds of French flags and hence is in these days more beautiful than ever. When evening came I started off with only my overcoat and knapsack and cap to seek new worlds. I walked the entire distance to the Gare de Lyon and there took my train for the southeast. The international sleeping cars (the Wagon Lits) are very differently constructed from our Pullmans, much less sumptuous but with some advantages of their own. There are upper and lower berths made up in compartments that have considerable room and many hooks for hanging clothes. I found that there was assigned a young Englishman to share my compartment with me—an Engineer Lieutenant Commander of the English Navy. All the next day I was thrown with him and with a pal of his, also a naval officer, and I found both of them

genuine fellows, full of life, and by nature cordial and friendly.

In the morning the train had reached the region of the French Alps. In the distance the snow tops could be seen. The near-by views were scarcely less interesting. Green valleys and mountain slopes, delightful little towns, fields with waving grain and wild red poppies peeping out. We passed Aix-les-Bain and Chambéry, famous watering places. About noon we reached Modane, the border town between France and Italy. All trains sit down here and wait for a couple of hours. Modane itself is a dirty, dusty village. It was simply intolerable that morning. The heat was terrific beyond expression. We ate our luncheon at the station and passed the time as well as we could. Our train now took us through the Mt. Cenis tunnel (7¾ miles) and we were in Italy. At Turin we changed trains and we sought refreshment in the station. Then on again to Genoa in the early evening, eating our dinner in the Ristorante car en route. The meals are table d'hote with about six courses well cooked and expeditiously served, the cost about one dollar in our money. In England, France and Italy there is no gold money in these days. The silver, except in England, is in small denominations. Most of the exchange is in paper and in coppers. In Italy the paper money is mostly small and tends to become very filthy and ragged. The franc is worth in France about nine cents at present, and the lire in Italy about five cents.

Genoa was reached at 9:45 and there I spent the night, leaving my friends, the naval officers, with

many protestations of good will. I established myself at the Savoy Hotel opposite the station and as I looked out of my window on that interesting public square glorified by the monument to "Cristoforo Colombo, La Patria," I felt that life was full of absorbing experiences.

Very early on the next day, Sunday, I could hear the church bells of Genoa, and when I walked through the town up hill to the north to survey the harbor I saw the girls and women on their way to church dressed in their Sunday best, the women mostly with black lace over their heads. I came down again and went slowly through the city to the south and mounted up through tortuous streets and ascended the countless steps to the topmost level. The smells reminded me of Forquer Street. In two places there were lively vegetable markets, just closing for the day. At the top I found a parapet where there was a wonderful "Panorama della Citta," and of the bay, second only to the Bay of Naples. As I descended to my hotel I stepped into a huge church and felt at once the impressive worshipful atmosphere.

My train took me on to Pisa at 9:55 in the morning. I strove to forget the heat. The view was quite absorbing, the Gulf of Genoa to our right for many miles in plain sight and beautiful hill and mountain views to our left. In my compartment were a Spanish woman and her daughter from Salamanca, going to Rome. By some misfortune trouble arose about their tickets. The conductor talked enormously in Italian, and the girl enormously in Spanish. In the end she had to pay an extra 144 lire

(about $7.00) and she was utterly crushed. Life held nothing worth while. I went through to the dining car for luncheon. When I returned the Spanish girl was partially reconciled to her hard lot and was confiding to her diary all the outrageous fortunes of the morning.

Before we reached Pisa our journey took us a distance inland and the country flattened out. Between trains I had an hour's time, and I walked through town. It was the sleepy siesta time of day. I hugged the shadows, for in the sun the streets were unbelievably torrid. In a quarter of an hour I reached the famous group of buildings: the Baptistery, the Duomo and the Leaning Tower, all of which I had seen before, though one can scarcely see them too often. Then on to Florence, with ever increasing excitement, for Florence seems like an eighth wonder of the world and it has such countless associations that the very thought of it always fills one with indescribable emotions. At the station (5:30 o'clock) I was met by six of my friends and we marched triumphantly through the streets to the Hotel Florence et Washington on the Arno. Here ensued great and fervid talk in making our plans for the next ten days. To fulfil a dinner engagement I now started off alone from the Duomo in a cab (after waiting a long time for a tram car which was delayed by a picturesque Fascisti procession) to the Villa Torricella in a suburb of Florence almost all the way to Fiesole. I had a little difficulty in finding the place—my Italian is stupid enough—but when I reached there I was a thousand times rewarded. It was something to see one of those

excedingly beautiful Italian villas and to be with friends from the other side of the world.

The succeeding day I had the luxurious feeling of doing just the things I wanted to do—strolling along the Arno and the Ponte Vecchio, looking into the shop windows and making my modest purchases, and visiting the Pitti and the Uffizi. Florence is lovely and absorbing beyond words. My closing impression was a walk in the evening in the soft air under those stars and a slender moon. We sauntered along the Arno, heard the music in the hotels, looked at the water and the sky, watched the swimmers in the river. At one place we saw an advertisement of Mary Pickford's "Papa Gambalunga," the delicious Italian equivalent of "Daddy Longlegs."

FLORENCE TO BOZEN

On the morning of May 30 our party of eight was under way for northern Italy, the Trentino, and the Eastern Alps. Four of us were from Massachusetts, three from Chicago, and one from Detroit—three men and five women. We traveled with fourteen bags and smaller stuff and we made an impressive, not to say ridiculous, appearance as we trailed along.

By train we went to Verona by way of Bologna, Modena, and Mantua; through the Appennines, then across a plain country. When we reached Verona there were the hills of the Trentino on beyond. The town has great interest and charm. Before dinner we took an hour's tramp through the town. The old Roman amphitheater, or the Arena, is the most imposing single object. It was built by Diocletian and it is still in a good state of repair. It seats 20,000 people. Such a building appeals strongly to the imagination. A few blocks beyond is the Piazza Erbe, the old Forum of Verona, with quaint and beautiful buildings (some with frescoes) and a column bearing the lion of St. Mark, indicating Verona's earlier connection with the republic of Venice. Even more attractive is the smaller adjoining square, the Piazza dei Signori, a perfect gem. In the center is a statue of Dante. The surrounding buildings include the old court of justice and the town hall. On beyond are the Gothic tombs of the Scaligers, perhaps the most artistic and impressive of all the sights of Verona.

We returned for dinner, and then strolled about

the great square in front of the Arena. Here there was a good military band. All the population of the city seemed to be present. Just before we reached our hotel, we saw a little eight or nine year girl in festa dress practicing a dance in the street while her mother sang the tune from the upper window. Nothing more graceful or charming could be conceived. I shall always remember Verona from this incident.

The succeeding morning we traveled forty minutes westerly to Desenzano, a station at the south end of Lake Garda. This lake is the largest in the Italian lake region and like the others is exceedingly beautiful. Our trip by water took us four hours. We steamed under a blue sky; the air was soft and coolish; the water was an emerald green shading off into a deep blue green, and so clear that great depths could be seen. Every little while there were stops at entrancing villages, built mostly on hillsides with terraced gardens, lemon groves, olive orchards, and other fruit-raising spaces all around. As the north of the lake was reached the hills became mountains, Monte Baldo towering over 7000 feet above us to the east and Monte Rosso a lower but more precipitous mountain to the west, bare to its very summit. Until 1918 the Austrian border came as far south as Riva, the town at the northern end of the lake. Now the Italian territory stretches for a great area to the north, as far as the Brenner Pass. Our host at the Pension Hotel du Lac at Riva was a lieutenant in the Austrian army and served in Russia and on the Austrian border. He said that the Italians did not get into Riva until after the Armistice.

He showed where their fortifications were on Monte Baldo, and we investigated at close hand the fortifications of the Austrians on the Rosso. The Italian guns practically riddled Riva during the war but the damage is nearly all repaired now. In the garden of our hotel trenches had been dug and the hotel itself was partly destroyed by shells (some of them of American make) fired by the Italian forces.

We were beautifully looked after at Riva and there were solemn discussions before we decided to move on at the end of one day. The park at the back of the hotel leads right down to the lake; it is beautiful with flowers and palm trees and a great profusion of other luxurious trees. The town of Riva is on the lake at one end of a fruitful valley about five miles square. Its climate is probably about that of Los Angeles. It is an entrancing garden spot, surrounded by those great hills in all directions.

The next day we started off in a large open hired auto bus on a three and a half hour trip (about 65 miles) to our next stopping place. The customary route for tourists is a little east of north through Bozen. But we had decided to go a trifle west of north to Madonna di Campiglio with the thought of going east to Bozen later. It was a glorious day of sunshine. In long curves we mounted the heights and reached the hills. We traversed two long valleys over which were scattered dozens of picturesque towns through which our way led. On the higher levels were more towns and scattered villas. As our journey progressed we were climbing ever upwards and towards the last made great zigzags

while our auto snorted with the effort. Now a mountain range of the eastern Alps was plainly in sight—the Brenta Dolomites, bare gray peaks, two of which (Cima Tosa, 10,410 feet, and Cima di Brenta, 10,335 feet) tower over the rest with great masses of snow at their summits and in the higher crevasses. Then on beyond we went and came suddenly upon our destination, a small summer resort town, where we established ourselves at the Hotel Savoia,—as comfortable and attractive a place as the soul of man could wish. In front of us was a friendly burn rushing down from the hills, and beyond that a wooded slope leading up to Monte Spinale. To the southeast the Dolomites could be seen and back of us was a delicious stretch of real pine woods. Madonna di Campiglio is about five thousand feet above the sea and the air is fresh and cool.

We achieved another wonderful morning for our first climb in the Alps. At eight o'clock we started off with our guide, Antonio Dalla Giacomo. By slow degrees we worked our way through the woods on a very easy trail and then (more sharply) mounted Monte Spinale, where we ate our picnic luncheon in a vast amphitheater surrounded by the great mountains. Snow patches were near and we pelted one another. We had reached a level of about 6,800 feet. Then we moved on under a towering mountain cliff whose style we decided was Early Perpendicular, to a mountain pass about 8,000 feet above the sea. Here we investigated a very complete refuge hut and signed our names in the book—the only Americans for a year or more. A shelf

of rock beyond gave us a marvellous view of hills and valleys, especially the great sharp peaks of Cima Tosa, Cima di Brenta, and the other peaks in the same range. At this point the snow surrounded us on all sides. We worked our way down over the snow fields and the rocks, parted from our ascending path, returned through a remarkably beautiful stretch of pine woods, and at the last walked on a narrow path next to the raging brook, a full mile to Madonna.

The next day proved gray and at times rainy, so our plans for a long climb were abandoned. We contented ourselves with shorter tramps. The prospect was fairer the succeeding morning and our whole party were up at five o'clock. It was a sad wrench for a few of our number; but another big climb was planned and no one complained. There was not a cloud to break the outlines of the mountains. Everything stood out with startling clearness; the atmosphere was deliciously cool. Under such circumstances our walk began somewhat after six o'clock under the leadership of our guide Antonio. First we skirted a hillside in the woods and crunched the dead leaves, then we surveyed a waterfall tearing down the side of a cliff, then ascended by easy and more difficult stretches to ever higher and higher levels with the country expanding before us, then the snow line and our objective plainly in view, and finally after a scramble over rocks and patches of snow to the Tuckett Hut, 7,440 feet above the sea. It is a substantial stone building with accommodations for many climbers; but of course the season had not yet

begun. Four of us decided to ascend to the Tuckett Pass on beyond, beckoning to us in the sunlight. In ten minutes we had mounted on the rocks to the edge of the glacier which stretches down from the pass for a long distance. Here we were roped together (it was not strictly necessary, for there were no crevasses in the ice, as it proved, but the roping did give a sense of security), and we worked our way slowly up through the soft snow which covered the ice. It was real labor and a number of stops were necessary to get our breath. But the top was reached in a little more than an hour, and we were now rewarded by a truly magnificent view on beyond into the mountains and valleys leading to Molveno, and back across the country that had now become so familiar to us, to the Adamillo, Presnella, and Ortler Mountains. Above us towered the Cima di Brenta. I cannot convey the impression of such an experience as this. Down we now came in short order, part of the time actually tobogganing on the snow. We joined the others, had a slight luncheon and then retraced our steps to the valley.

At a little after four we started off again in a great open bus which we had hired to take us to Bozen. Here again our experience was a deeply interesting one. We skirted along our valley with our friends the Brenta Dolomites in view for a half hour or so, then descended in great circles about 3,500 feet to a wonderful green and fertile valley stretching for many miles east, spread out in the late afternoon sunlight. Dozens of little villages, of which Male was the chief, were trav-

ersed. It was Sunday afternoon and we saw literally thousands of people, all in their Sunday best, standing in front of the houses, leaning from the windows, and playing bowls in the improvised courts or on the road. Children, children everywhere, and hundreds of them waved ecstatically at us and shouted their good will. Bright colors prevailed. These were the Italian Tyrolese, and they pleased us well.

Our way led through valleys and along hill slopes and through new groups of villages. Always the scenery was impressive and sometimes it was grand and wild. A glance down into a deep valley where the rushing river seethed along, a glance upward to the high hills, a glance ahead to still further openings in the country and enchanting vistas beyond, a glance back over the long stretches we had traversed. This was our pastime on that remarkable journey. It all seemed somehow strange and unreal, a chapter in some history that did not belong to us.

Now we ascended in long loops upward and upward to a pass in the mountains where in an instant we were looking down from a great elevation to a new world, a broad valley lying 3,500 feet below us with Bozen shining as a gem in the center, and beyond another group of Dolomite Mountains, the main and more imposing range. We were at Mendel Pass, 4,400 feet above the sea. Then again a descent with turn and turn and turn into the valley, and we looked up and saw that sheer mountain from which we had come. Our new fertile valley is part of Italy, but only since 1918, and to all intents and

purposes it is Austrian, or Austrian-Tyrolese. The signs are all in German, the people mostly seem to be speaking German, and we have passed from the square yellow-and-white Italian architecture to the many-gabled and peaked and bay windowed Germanic houses, with a riot of colors. Over the river are several picturesque old castles and in the center of the town is a beautiful Gothic church, while in the adjoining square is a statue of the Minnesinger Walther von der Vogelweide. At this point we closed our adventurous journey.

THE LAST DAYS IN THE TYROL

There is a superflux of holidays in Italy. On the morning after our arrival at Bozen we found that we were celebrating Whit Monday. All the shops were closed. Everybody was dressed in his best clothes and the city wore a gala appearance. We were particularly pleased with examples which we saw of the Tyrolese costumes. The little boys wore suspenders that pulled their little trousers almost up to their shoulders. Bozen is a sizable and important city at a place where several valleys meet. To the east is the main range of the Dolomites. To the north the roads lead to Austria, to the south to the peninsula of Italy, to the west to Switzerland. We made our headquarters at an imposing pile of buildings known as Hotel Greif. Here we lived sumptuously at small cost. Our meals were eaten out in the open in front of the hotel on the public square, while all of the city went by us and inspected us as we inspected them. On Whit Monday we did not attempt to do much. We wandered about town. We took ices to keep cool. We had our luncheon on top of a hill, the Virgel, which we reached by a funicular railway. We listened to the band concert in the evening.

Ten o'clock the next morning (June 6) found us all neatly packed in a large motor bus and headed for the mountains to the east of us. We climbed the hills over Bozen, passed through a great gorge, and soon had the glorious Dolomite scenery to feast our eyes upon. Before noon we reached an enor-

mous hotel, the Karer See, set down under two groups of the Dolomites and not far from a beautiful lake of bright emerald hue. At Canazei, some miles further, we had our luncheon at a tourist hotel. The weather had been gorgeous all morning but now thick clouds gathered, and a severe mountain storm, with much rain, broke upon us. It was almost five o'clock before we ventured to go on. The skies were smiling again. We climbed to the Pordoi Pass, over seven thousand feet above the sea, then moved downward to Arabba, and to Buchenstein, and again slowly mounted the heights amidst grand and inspiring scenery until we finally passed the Falzarego Pass (8,200 feet) amidst the bleak snowy uplands. The people in the towns we had passed since morning appeared to be nearly all Italians, not the Austrians of the Bozen valley. At the close of our day's journey at Cortina we were at the old Italian-Austrian border. On our way up to the Falzarego Pass and on beyond we were at the battle front. Whole villages had been shot to pieces and were only partially rebuilt. Dugouts, tons of rusty barbed wire, trenches, fortified rocky heights, military cemeteries, and all the other horrid accompaniments of war were everywhere in evidence. It was a most interesting and a most depressing experience.

Our day's journey was completed by a long descent into the Cortina valley in great curves down, around a hill, and finally facing the picturesque town (about 4,000 feet above the sea) with an imposing cathedral tower and possessing a trim, well-regulated appearance in general. We rushed through

the town and arrived about eight o'clock at the Miramonti Hotel, a full half mile beyond Cortina proper. The hotel was most attractively situated and was quite grand in its way, the best we had patronized on our trip. The other guests were nearly all English and a little forbidding in their ways, so we kept our distance.

The country around Cortina is charming in the lower levels (wooded heavily, mostly with pine trees and beautiful larches), and inspiring in its view of the mountains. In contradistinction to Bozen, the air is cool and conveys the vigor of its higher elevation, close to the Dolomites. The accepted theory about the Dolomites is that they are of coral formation and at some remote period were lifted out of the surrounding ocean. It gives one a strange feeling to entertain such an idea, looking at these pointed spires of mountains thousands of feet above the sea and hundred of miles inland. I enjoyed the quiet and beauty of Cortina. The first day was spent in reading and in short walks. That evening we had a party, since our pleasant company was so soon to break up. Everybody dressed in his finest. For dinner we had special treats. The evening was concluded by pleasant conversation as befits a company of friends.

At a little after six-thirty the next morning we started on a long climb up to the mountains, led by an Italian guide, Angelo Colli, and his hardy little Italian dog, Bocci. Our journey took us through a corner of the town and by slow degrees to a low hillside and across country for two hours. Then we climbed upward, left the wooded tracts,

and found ourselves eventually on the high levels again among the rocks and mountains. Here was a fighting front of the war, for the Austrians and Italians faced each other from the heights across these mountain valleys. We entered trenches and dugouts, saw the effect of the huge cannon balls, and picked up a number of shells and war accoutrement of various kinds. At a mountain hut under the imposing rocks known as Cinquetore (Five Towers) we rested. The clouds had covered the clear sky of the early morning and rain fell. The weather appeared better after a little and we scrambled up our trail for the Nuvolau, our destination. When we were less than half way up the rain recommenced and fell pitilessly, giving way a little later to hail. We reached a sheltering hut in a very wet, cold, and discouraging condition. But our spirits were good and we ate our luncheon with much gusto in the basement of the hut, standing up around a plain wooden table and beating our arms to keep warm. In a little, the sun again, and we continued our climb. At 12:30 we had reached Nuvolau (8,460 feet), and we surveyed the entire surrounding country, most impressive in sun, cloud, and mist. By the time we reached the lower hut at the Cinquetore the clouds covered us again and rain began. We waited an hour and a half for sunshine and descended by a steep road to the valley. There we requisitioned a motor truck and saved ourselves a few miles. When the town was reached we bade adieu to our guide and his dog, and moved on to our hotel. Altogether we had walked about fourteen miles and we were quite

ready for our five o'clock tea, a feast to which we always gave more than justice.

An early breakfast was necessary to take our 7:30 train. Three of our number were going to Davos Platz by the most direct route through Innsbruck, I was going by the Münstertal and Engadine route, and the remainder planned to stay for some days longer in Cortina and that region. We started on a curious little mountain railroad for two hours to the termination of that line at Toblach. There we took the train to Franzenfeste. At that point our ways parted. My train took me south down the valley to the familiar Bozen and then swung west in the long valley reaching up to Switzerland. I felt quite desolate all alone after ten days of delightful companionship. But the trip was a beautiful one and I enjoyed the passing sights. Meran, where my train finished its journey, was reached at three o'clock. It is a charming spot built in the valley and on the hills and it presents a fine spectacle as one comes to it and wanders through its streets. I left my knapsack at the station and investigated the town—for there was no train further west for four hours. I sat in a park. Townspeople were about me, the birds sang overhead, a fountain played in front of me, while in my ears was the sound of the rushing river fifty feet away. Coming back I paused at the "Frau Emma," where Goethe Strasse and Schiller Platz meet, and there I had a cup of tea and read for a while Maurice Hewlett's "Little Novels of Italy." In due time came along my train. I traveled from 7:20 to 9:55 in a diminutive car behind a leisurely

engine. While the light held I saw the beautiful stretch of country to the west of Meran—the valley at the side of the train, then a great fertile valley down below after our train had mounted to the hills, then the valley coming up to meet us and the closing-in of the hills while the Adige roared by our side. Then darkness, and I existed as well as I could under two pitiful lights and hoped that the time would not seem long. That night I spent in a humble sort of a hostelry at Spondinig, Hotel Hirsch, where German only is spoken. I disrobed in the presence of about one hundred flies who sat on the walls and ceiling and thought how nice it would be to plague me when daylight should arrive.

OVER THE STELVIO AND ON TO DAVOS

The three days of tramping that now ensued were worth a wilderness of ordinary days. That first morning at Spondinig I had my breakfast at 6:15, and paid my 46 cents (*auf Amerikaner*) bill for bed and breakfast—cheaper than the Old Ladies' Home. Presently I shouldered my knapsack and took my pilgrim staff in hand. I walked first across a swampy stretch almost two miles long on a banked-up road under a double row of poplar trees, the beginning of the famous Stelvio road built by the Austrians some years ago—the highest wagon-road in Europe. I passed through Prad at seven o'clock and watched with curious interest the townspeople assembling for one of their innumerable religious festivals. Here were all the church banners brought into service for the procession. A little further on the valley closed up and I began to ascend by the side of a tumultuous river. At the outset I had been at a level of 2,905 feet, and now I was destined to work my way up on this road to 9,055 feet, an ascent, as you see, of 6,150 feet. The day was overcast much of the time, with rain. For some miles the higher views were obscured, but much was to be seen in the valleys. Gomagoi, a small village on the side of a hill, was reached a little after eight. The clocks were striking nine when I went through Trafoi, 5,055 feet above the sea, an imposing place with many hotels, most of which were not yet open

for the season. It commands a good view of the Ortler group of mountains, the most westerly Dolomites. The road winds in curves up over the town and the latter is in view a long time.

My next objective was Franzenhöhe, two thousand feet higher up. As I climbed the clouds began to close me in and now nothing but a little patch of road could be seen. Then rain. By a miracle a large hut, invitingly open, with shingles and straw covering the floor, sprang up before me. I dashed in and rested for a half hour while the wind howled and a torrent of rain descended. With my knapsack under my head and Maurice Hewlett to beguile me, what did I care. Then sunshine and a stretch of clear weather. Here were the great Ortlers over my head crowned with a wilderness of dazzling snow; and just across the street, as it seemed, a blue glacier working its way downward from the edges of the clouds. It was as if I had been blindfolded for a space in order that my eyes might be freed at the precise moment of greatest delight.

I reached Franzenhöhe, a sizable summer hotel not yet open, superbly situated in the midst of all these marvels. It was now eleven o'clock, and my goal could be seen plainly, the pass five miles ahead, on a level practically two thousand feet above me. It was then I began to lose my breath and to feel the burden upon my back. Those interminable long turns in the road, where one returned almost to the place where he had started! I had left the trees behind me and the snow was everywhere in evidence; great patches covered the road. No carts or automobiles had gone higher than Franzenhöhe

the present season. Clouds and a brisk little shower caught me again and I crawled into a little wooden leanto almost filled with snow, and there I panted miserably for five minutes. At 12:30 I had reached a small inn set into the side of a hill and I rested another space. The weather still held reasonably clear and I was almost at the pass. At one o'clock precisely, having taken my last upward step, I stood on the top of the world 17¾ miles from Spondinig and 9,055 feet above the sea. Looking back and up the scene was majestic; looking on into the new country I had discovered I could see little but a desolate snowy valley like a cup surrounded by hills which formed the rim; at the bottom the Italian custom house, the Canzoniere.

My road was now quite obliterated by snow but I could follow it by means of twenty-foot poles which pointed the way. I floundered down about a thousand feet into the valley. Towards the bottom the snow was very soft and I frequently sank up to my knees while my feet encountered nice little pockets of cold water at the bottom. Delightful experience. Well, sooth to say, I reached the Canzoniere about 1:30 and found there a bunch of soldiers, miserable fellows who spoke only Italian, not even a word of German. Baedeker mumbles something about there being an inn at this point but it's a lie. There are soldiers' barracks and a Ristorante. By good luck I found the latter and ordered bread and red wine. Well, that hard bread and wine saved my life. It tasted marvellously good, for I had eaten no morsel since my coffee and bread at Spondinig.

But the rain was now falling relentlessly and the cold wind howled around the corners. What was I to do? I could not make up my mind to seek lodging in that place for the night; the thought was too cruel. I paid my score of thirteen cents for my meal, and waited around. A slight clearing in the sky gave me courage. I started on. Here a soldier sprang up and demanded my passport. He looked at it stupidly while the rain beat upon it; finally he decided that I was I, and he let me go. As to my personal belongings he forgot to ask. I might have had a case of beer and a thousand cigarettes on my back. He was really incredibly stupid, and could answer nothing to the exceedingly choice Italian I mustered for his benefit. But my map showed me the way I was to take down through the Umbrail Pass to Santa Maria in Münstertal, eight miles. I started, but was again checked by the merciless rain while I partly sheltered myself in a miserable hut. Again the same experience a little beyond; this time I stood under the dripping eves of a shed. But now things looked clearer and I moved on in really abounding spirits. It was three o'clock. I had scaled the Stelvio. My former passes accomplished on foot (St. Bernard, 8,110 feet; Furka, 7,990; St. Gotthard, 6,935; Simplon, 4,852) seemed as nothing to this. And I had only eight down-hill miles to negotiate before I would have supper in a kindly mountain town.

Forty-five hundred feet of my hard-earned upward journey were sacrificed in that hour and three-quarters' descent to the valley of the Münstertal. I soon left the snow and picked up the pines and

larches. A trickling stream starting with the snow patches and growing by accretions had now become a roaring brook. The road curved downward through the narrow and picturesque Umbrail Pass, I met two Swiss soldiers, pleasant and well-built fellows, who examined my passport. Further on I saw two 17 and 12 year old boys at their home door and greeted them. The pass widened and gave a first glimpse of the valley with entrancing mountains behind. And then, shiver my timbers, if the rain didn't start again—a gentle and persistent rain which I scorned to notice. Just where I got my full picture of the valley: Santa Maria down below, Münster to the north and east, and two smaller towns on the slopes to the west, I encountered again the two boys I had seen a while back on their doorstep. They had been following short cuts of their own and were working their way to Santa Maria with two beautiful bunches of Alpine rose, presumably for sale. I accompanied them and we carried on an animated conversation. It is surprising how much German one can understand and communicate when hard pressed! In fifteen minutes we were at the pleasant little town. I parted from my two good friends and headed for the Hotel Schweizerhof, where I was welcomed heartily as a needed if not an expected guest. A rubdown in hot water put me in fine shape and I settled down for two hours of reading before dinner. My feet and muscles had served me well and I was not especially tired, having covered twenty-six miles (counting out the short cuts) and my 6,100-foot climb as readily as I might

have done it at any other period in my life. Then a well-earned dinner—perhaps the best meal I had ever eaten; bean soup, omelet with herbs, tea, roast lamb and potatoes and beans, and rhubarb sauce with delicious little cakes. I shuddered to think what I might have had at the Canzoniere. At nine o'clock I went to bed happy and well content.

I had now definitely passed out of Italy and had come to Switzerland, the country of the tinkling cow-bell and of milk chocolate and of the high Alps. Well, what impressions remained with me of my two weeks in Italy? I still see the church-bound women of Genoa with their black lace head scarfs; and the beautiful stretch of the Gulf of Genoa; and the Fascisti demonstration in the streets of Florence, the flags waving, the men singing, while through their ranks wind a company of black-hooded spectres bearing a corpse, the white face uncovered on the bier; and I see a squirmy little youngster being baptized in the Baptistery of Florence, where all the Florence children have submitted with good or ill grace to this rite for many hundreds of years. I see the charming little dancing girl and the Arena and the Piazza Dante in Verona; and I see the turquoise water of the Lago di Garda, and the lilacs in the towns and the profusion of wild flowers on the hillsides, and the majestic groves of larches. I see the Tyrolese people celebrating a holiday in their red dresses and curious costumes; and I see the little boys and girls of Cortina decked in their confirmation suits going to meet their Archbishop. I see a thousand wayside shrines and I hear countless cowbells. I see many signs of stupid and devas-

tating war, and in a cemetery near the Austrian border a hundred headstones bearing the star and crescent all facing towards Mecca—the graves of Mohammedan soldiers of Bosnia and Herzegovina sacrificed in the armies of Austria. I see in Meran the Austrian coat of arms still embellishing the railway station of that nowadays Italian town and the statue "Für Gott! Für Kaiser und Vaterland!" commemorating one hundred years of union between Austria and the Tyrol, now past forever. Above all I see the majestic mountains, the snowy Brenta and Rosengarten and Ortlers, and under them Madonna di Campiglio and Cortina and Trafoi.

Well, to continue with my narrative, on the morning after my arrival at Santa Maria, I partook of a good breakfast and had a few closing words with my most agreeable hostess whose English was about as good (and as bad) as my German. I started on my way at a little after eight and continued until a little after five, covering 26 miles. It was Sunday and the villagers were decked in their best. I passed through Santa Maria and after a little a smaller town, Valcava. The cows, all mouse-colored, were being driven out to pasture by little boys in corduroys; a housewife sat at the edge of her field of clover and knitted; every one I met said "Guten Morgen" or "Guten Tag" with cheerful good will. It is such simple little things as this that fill the foot-traveler with unutterable joy. I traversed a stretch of pine wood and reached another hamlet, Fuldera. The road ascended and at Cierfs I encountered the highest village in the Münstertal. The church bell was ringing and here was the pastor

(a pleasant-looking man) gathering his flock. The Münstertal is a Protestant Canton; hence there are no wayside shrines and the churches are severely simple.

Beyond Cierfs the road wound uphill and I found myself following the long curves again. In a half hour I had reached the Offen Pass, about 7,000 feet—not a difficult climb, but a sense of accomplishment comes when the summit is reached. Behind was the valley of the Münstertal; beyond was the region of the Engadine. I went into a refuge hut and rested for an hour and a half while the rain fell briskly. With my single match I built a fire. I ate a lunch of bread and cheese and eggs, and at 12:30 departed warmed and fed. The weather was goodish with occasional sprinkles. Even the distant views were not obscured, so I had no complaints.

Below the pass I found a spreading valley with rather dense pine woods. A pleasant tumbling stream afforded good company. At 1:45 I passed by a substantial hotel well situated under the green hills with glimpses of the snow tops beyond. Then the valley closed in and there seemed no way of escape. But, lo, a narrow gorge, and a high peak above, its gullies filled with snow. Five hundred feet below was my roaring stream. The road picked its way around picturesque enlargements of the gorge; the scenery was wild and impressive. Then a sharp ascent of a few hundred feet, past a precipitous cliff and a little Alpine farm, where some boys were cracking their whips at a bunch of goats. On top another pass and a gradual descent as the

gorge widened. At a turn of the road a glimpse of the village of Zernetz, situated on a green plain or tableland four miles ahead. The road went to meet it by an easy decline and at four o'clock I was again among my fellows. Since ten in the morning I had been almost alone, although at one point the Post passed me—tinkling bells on the horses, two carriages of passengers, and a mail cart behind.

I had planned to spend the night at Zernetz; but I was still going strong, so I decided to walk on another four miles to Süs. The valley closes in and the road follows the path of the river. Then an open space appears and here is the little Swiss hamlet of Süs set in a small valley. The River Inn is roaring down the Engadine and will presently reach Innsbruck. It is a real river. Two beautiful trout caught on this very day furnished a substantial meal for me at the Schweizerhof, where I was the first American guest in years. As night fell I felt stiff and cold but I smothered myself in the great Swiss featherbed and all was well.

Monday morning found me eager as usual to pursue my journey. My agreeable hosts at the hotel, finding that I had nothing but Italian money, told me that they would be well satisfied to have me send a money order from Davos Platz. Thus did they trust a stranger.

The day was grey and threatening, but here and there a trace of blue sky. Above Süs is a high hill. Thither my way led upward over the Fluela Pass to Davos, eighteen miles to the west. At 6:20 o'clock I was puffing on the ascending road. In a

few minutes I found myself in a narrow valley beautifully green on both sides. The inevitable mountain stream was at my side. These tearing brooks have lots of fun; all they have to do is to go down hill! My road worked its way along by gradual ascents; I could see it several miles ahead winding around a cliff. The country became more wild and forbidding. I passed through a five-hundred-foot tunnel. A countryman with a week-old black beard met me and talked volubly in German which I could not make out. I said "Ya, Ya!" fervently and he thanked me and went on. I was now approaching the Fluela Pass. A marmot sat on a stone and gave a piercing whistle twice before he decided to seek safety. I had now left the trees and was in the midst of snow. At the beginning of the pass a refuge hut. And now the pass itself extending for over two miles, mostly on a level. The highest point is 7,835 feet (I had mounted from 4,689 feet at Süs). A more bleak and desolate scene could scarcely be imagined. Everywhere were bare rock and snow; the cold wind blew across those stretches; a thick cold mist and a few snowflakes struck me in the face; my hands were like icicles; I could see only a few feet ahead of me. Then the baying of a dog, and a house loomed out of the mist. It was Fluela Hospice, and my road began to point downward. The hour was nine o'clock. I never left a spot more gladly. To be sure, I was for a half hour in a barren waste of a place, but I was approaching civilization and it could come none too soon. The mist was left behind but the clouds were grey and black. By a miracle

the rain held off. Then the friendly trees and an occasional farm. In due time there was a glimpse of the smiling Davos valley miles ahead. The rest was easy. At eleven o'clock I was marching through Davos Dorf. I closed my journey just five hours from the time I had started. My morning's tramp was eighteen miles without a stop. In three memorable days I had covered seventy miles and had accomplished three passes in the mountains, representing climbs of 6,100, 2,500 and 3,100 feet on the three successive days. It is a region full of interest and the scenery is grand and impressive in the extreme. I can wish nothing better for all my friends than that they may be privileged to take the same trip.

MOVING BACK TOWARDS PARIS

At Davos Platz I found that Monday noon, as I had hoped, two friends just arrived from America, and the three others whom I had left a few days before on their way to Innsbruck. We had agreed to meet at the Victoria Hotel. This proved an attractive place with delicious meals and charges to match. We had a notable reunion at the luncheon table, swapping travelers' yarns.

The season at Davos Platz is at its height in the winter when the sun shines brightest, the snow is a dazzling white, and the winter sports are on. It is beautifully placed under the Alpine mountains. The night I was there a snow storm whitened up the hills and powdered the tops of the higher clumps of trees. Davos Platz is over 5,000 feet above the sea and even in the summer the average temperature is only 51°. The town is a famous health resort. I associate the place with Robert Louis Stevenson who came here in search of health. Here lived John Addington Symonds for many years.

We were rewarded with a fairly clear and sunny day on Tuesday (June 13) and we started off for our train trip to Lucerne in high spirits. First an electric railway, beautifully appointed, which took us through gorgeous mountain scenery—along the cliffs, down into the valley at Klosters and on some miles further to the main railway going northwest to Zurich. We climbed into an apartment in a carriage that was going straight through to Amsterdam; it had a pleasant flavor of faraway lands. Presently

we skirted the shores of one of those exquisite emerald bodies of water, the lake of Wallenstadt, a gem set down in the hills. Lake Zurich came along a little later, larger and more imposing. I recalled vividly my first sight of it a dozen years earlier. Two thirds the distance along the lake, when we already had a glimpse of the city of Zurich, we dismounted and took a third train going southwest to Lucerne. On the way we passed the small Lake of Zug, and about four o'clock skirted the end of Lake Lucerne and rolled into the station. We found pleasant quarters at Hotel des Alpes, facing the river and only a few yards from the lake. Here again I was treading familiar ground and was pleased beyond measure to be once more in that city of all delight.

Wednesday proved an absolutely perfect day in the brightness of the sky and the softness of the air, and one of the most perfect in my simple annals. We had arranged to take a trip on the lake and to cover part of the distance between stations on foot. Rigi and Pilatus lifted their heads above us. The emerald blue water without a ripple spread out before us, and everywhere the villages and picturesque hotels and wooded slopes, with here and there a waterfall. Every few minutes a bewitching new vista was disclosed. Surely this is one of the most heavenly spots on earth. At Treib we left the boat and climbed leisurely to the top of a 800 or 1,000-foot hill known as Seelisberger. Flowers, wild strawberries, short stretches of woods greeted us on the way. At the top we found a clear space and ate our luncheon in full view of the entire south-

eastern stretch of the lake known as Urner See. Then down by way of narrow paths and a stretch across green fields and on beyond through a dense wood to the Rütli, a famous spot in the early annals of Swiss independence. Here we took another boat, some to go on all the way to Flüelen, and three of us to go only one station to Sisikon, where we dismounted again and walked the four miles along the famous Axenstrasse above the lake all the way to Flüelen.

We were back at Lucerne about six o'clock and then went immediately to the Cathedral, where in these days an organ recital is given daily from six to seven in the evening. The music was most satisfying. One extraordinary number in the recital represented a storm in the mountains followed by a hymn of thanksgiving for the return of fair weather. I could hardly imagine anything more effective.

As it happened, we had reached Lucerne just a few days before a great national music festival and competition was to be given. Twenty thousand singers were about to arrive, and the city was already decked with flags and banners and flower baskets and tree branches, all in the most artistic manner. The sight added a great deal to our enjoyment. It seems that the decorations were completed early in order to give a proper setting to a religious holiday on Thursday, which was the day of our departure. I was awakened by the booming of guns. The early morning was full of activity in the streets. At eight o'clock a great procession began, participated in by a number of thousands of people, a considerable part of the entire popula-

tion of Lucerne. I stood on the sidewalk of one of those picturesque narrow streets and watched the procession go by. In all the windows were flowers or flower baskets and tree branches, in many of them lighted candles, and down the street the banners were waving. There was a little battalion of Swiss soldiers at the head of the procession. Then hundreds of little girls in white dresses and flower chaplets around their heads, their hair hanging to their shoulders, and their leaders carrying festoons of flowers and flower baskets. Behind them older girls covered by white veils, quite to the ground. Some of them were saying their Latin or German prayers audibly in unison, their rosaries in their hands, led by teachers or nuns; some of them were singing very sweetly and in perfect time from hymn books which they bore in their hands. Then came women in black with blue ribbons around their necks, bearing lighted candles, and also saying their prayers. Then boys, a great company of boys, singing under the direction of priests, all in perfect order, their little blue caps held securely under their arms. Church banners, crucifixes, and other churchly trappings gave a picturesque cast to the procession. On the ranks moved—youths of college age, men and old men, a group of women in blue straw hats, another in the gray uniform of a religious order, a procession of nuns praying fervently, a stalwart group of men in red uniforms like Sousa's band, thirty or forty Dominicans (many with strong faces), a curious company of women in native Swiss costume, choir boys and adult men in surplices, and most impressive of all a church

canopy of satin with suitable accompaniment of dignified priests and under the canopy the Cardinal himself bearing the sacred vessels and decked in his gorgeous robes of office. There was a measure of superstition in all this spectacle, no doubt, but there was also devotion, dignity, reverence on the part of young and old, a rededication to the higher and nobler and more spiritual things, and this was the better part.

Our plans that morning meant another and a final breaking of our party. The others went to Interlaken and I to Bern and Neuchâtel. Our trains left at almost the same moment. I felt lonesome as I sped away westward. I was also leaving the higher Alps and heading towards the less interesting lower levels in the westerly section of Switzerland. The train went through an attractive, well-watered, vividly green and fertile section. At about two o'clock I reached Bern.

Bern is the Swiss seat of Government and hence has a certain distinction. It is a sizable city, the largest which I had seen since leaving Florence. Part of it is very old but the new has overlaid and obscured it. There are curious and sometimes grotesque fountains in the public squares. A number of the older streets are arcaded. The main part of the city is built a hundred feet or more above the beautiful Aare River. The bridges at that height are imposing. I visited the handsome Gothic Minster; I spent an hour deliciously in a book store looking over books and prints; I found a fine city park above the river looking out to the Bernese Alps, and I read Bernard Shaw's "Caesar

and Cleopatra" and ate cherries. Then an unexpected shower came up after a day of clear sunshine, and I sauntered to the station and took the 5:23 P. M. train still further west to Neuchâtel. The journey occupied about an hour. I found a comfortable room and a good dinner at Hotel Terminus, near the station. After dinner I indulged in the movies for the first time since reaching this side of the world. There were two pictures, one giving an interesting peasant story with a tragic close, the other a Douglas Fairbanks picture. Doug looked strange in these surroundings, but he raised a laugh at all the appropriate places and my pals all seemed to relish him. The explanations were in French and German, left and right in parallel columns. Neuchâtel is nearly all French-speaking, I think. Bern was mixed, with more French than German; Lucerne was nearly all German; while in the region I had encountered earliest the Italian-Swiss people predominated.

On Friday morning I spent two hours in viewing the town. It is built on hillsides overlooking the Lake of Neuchâtel and hence the streets are on different levels. The town has perhaps 25,000 inhabitants. As compared with Lake Lucerne the Neuchâtel lake is disappointing, for the shores are lower and the stretch of water is greater, making the distant views obscure. But I was none the less well pleased with both the town and lake. For a little I sat in the little park by the lake, a school back of me and the voices of children singing songs. I have now seen all the Swiss lakes of any consequence except Constance. Neuchâtel is one

of the larger ones but smaller than either Constance or Geneva.

It had become necessary, much to my regret, to move away from Switzerland. My train came along about noon and I found a seat in a through carriage which was to be my headquarters for over ten hours. In my compartment there were only Frenchmen, five of them—so I entered the great silence again. But after a period I fell into conversation with a delightful young English couple from London. Until we reached Dijon the train was very leisurely and shunted about interminably, stopping at nearly every station. The mountains fell away and a beautifully green hilly and plain region succeeded. At Dijon there was a thirty-minute wait while our train was reassembled and a number of new coaches added. The long-distance travelers had now come both from Switzerland and from Marseilles, and here—oh, joy!—was a restaurant car. These European diners are handled on a very sensible plan which we might well emulate. The passengers who wish to eat in the restaurant car receive a ticket from the car porter. When the first sitting is ready a dinner bell is rung through the train and those who hold tickets for that sitting go to the car and are served a table d'hote dinner with great expedition. Then comes the second sitting and if necessary a third. There is no uncertainty and no crowding in the aisles waiting to pounce upon the next unoccupied seat, as in our system.

I ate dinner with my new-found English friends and a pleasant Frenchman who talked English and

had traveled in America as far as Minneapolis. We were moving through central France. The train was now a sort of de luxe express and made scarcely a stop from Dijon to Paris. The daylight saving plan meant that darkness did not actually fall until almost 9:30. Then we were not far from our destination. It was tedious getting into the station, but a little after 10:30 I finally dismounted, bade goodbye to the English couple, and mounted a horse taxi. We rattled along the side of the Seine, past park benches each of which was occupied by a fervent couple whose hearts—I speak literally—beat as one. Then we crossed the river with the towers of Notre Dame looming in the darkness, went down the Boulevard St. Germain, and at 11:15 o'clock reached Hotel Cayré, where I found harborage.

The morning after my return to Paris I was the first person up and about in the city, and I walked all round the place before the shop shutters were removed. I had made up my mind to see more of Paris and to investigate its highways and byways. For the first time I got the hang of the city; I have certainly enjoyed Paris and appreciated it more this year than ever before. The people still seem to me to be more superficial and artificial and easy-going than the average Anglo-Saxon. They are quite likely to have substantial qualities, however, that do not appear on the surface.

Most of the afternoon I spent, first at the Luxembourg Museum of modern sculpture and painting (a collection that had pleased me mightily years ago), and then, after a little trip to the Pantheon, two or three hours at the Louvre. What a mar-

vellous place it is! I believe all one's artistic susceptibilities, if he has any, will be brought out at the Louvre. It gives a course in liberal culture. If I lived in Paris I think for a while I would make a daily trip to that great gallery and confine my attention on each occasion to one room exclusively until by slow degrees I had covered them all satisfactorily.

LONDON AND OXFORD

Sunday came—the day scheduled for my return from the Continent to England. At eight o'clock I took the underground railway to the Gare du Nord where I arrived ten minutes before the departure of my train and threaded my way through a great mob of people. In the compartment were an English couple and their little girl, and two Americans, man and woman, good and ardent friends. On the way to Boulogne the train passed through Amiens and Abbeville, pursuing much the same route that my airplane had taken three weeks earlier. I spent most of my time reading Lytton Strachey's new book and I found it very enjoyable. The day was bright and cool. At Boulogne pier there was the usual perfunctory inspection of luggage and examination of passports. We were then all herded on a channel steamer, which chugged right along towards its destination at Dover. I had a good piece of English roast beef in the boat restaurant, and then looked around upon the choppy waves, upon the two shores of France and England very plainly in sight, and upon the motley crowd of passengers returning like myself from a foreign sojourn. Many of them had been to the ends of the earth, for at Dover I found that the London train was in two sections and one was labelled "Bombay express" and destined to hold a full half of our passengers who had just come from the Orient. The English are determined travelers, and have been since their early pirate days.

The cliffs of Dover which I now saw close-to for the first time were of great interest to me. If Gloucester had actually thrown himself off these cliffs he would have spent the rest of his life in reaching the bottom, to use a favorite expression of one of my companions in the Tyrol.

Going up to London I sat in a small compartment in a little English carriage along with some pleasant tea-drinking English people. I was glad to be back in England. It seemed like home, or at least like being in the home of one's cousins, Furthermore, it is a pleasure to be able to talk to everybody if one chooses, to buy what one wants at any store or restaurant, and to eat a real breakfast, not the attenuated thing that serves the purpose on the Continent.

Arrived in London I took the Underground to Russell Square and at a little after five was back at the Imperial Hotel, where I connected with my trunk and once again was able to spread out after a compressed existence for a few weeks. In the early evening I luxuriously and delightedly walked the London streets, and then, it being Sunday evening, went to the City Temple, where as one of a great audience I heard Dr. Jefferson of New York give a masterly sermon. It was a good way to end the day.

Early in the morning I took a bus to Marylebone and presented myself at Francis Edwards' old-book shop just as the shades were being drawn. There I spent a delightful hour and a half running over the titles of many hundreds of choice books, and handing out more cash than my judgment approved

of. Finally I went away with my little load of treasures, and Mr. Edwards was kind enough to put on his hat and take me to the top of the street, showing me on the way the Mary-le-Bone churchyard associated with Hogarth and his drawings, and a little further on the house where Dickens lived for a number of years.

In the course of the day I visited Liberty's—this is a pleasant enterprise for me whenever I visit London—and was waited upon by those obliging and intelligent English shop-girls, the most finished specimens of the kind that the world contains. And, finally, after paying my score at the hotel, I went by bus to Paddington Station, where I took the 6:15 train for Oxford. It was the evening rush hour and my compartment was occupied by a crowd of jolly chaps, Oxford residents and London commuters.

Arrived in Oxford at 7:30 I sought the Mitre Hotel but found it filled—the Clarendon with similar results—then all the way back to the Randolph, where I received the last unoccupied room. Busy place, Oxford. After dinner I made a circuit of the colleges, as night closed in and the pink sunset sky darkened. There is an undeniable charm in those pointed Gothic buildings and spires, and the associations of the place that crowd upon one provoke a sort of emotional intensity. I saw the lads on the streets or under their lamps in their dormitories, and I thought of my own casual and ill-ordered and incomplete education and wondered if these Oxford youths had a sufficient appreciation

of the opportunities that were theirs. And so to bed, as Pepys says.

Morning dawned gray with a mind to rain, but the sun won the battle in due time. Christ Church College first beckoned me, as always, and I entered the quadrangle, passing under Old Tom, and moved on to the noble Commons where the tables were all set and the long rows of portraits looked down upon me. There was Lewis Carroll, like an old friend, a modern interloper among the old pictures of Wolsey and Henry VIII and their crew, but a Christ Church man none the less. Then I went to Pembroke and bared my head in honor of Samuel Johnson. But I cannot enumerate all the steps of my pilgrimage. In due time I passed the Bodleian and came to Blackwell's book shop, one of the most enticing spots in the broad world. I found several thousand books that I wanted and I could not tear myself away in less than two hours. Then I lugged my spoils to the hotel, partook of luncheon, and continued my tour of inspection out as far as Magdalen, and back to the Bodleian and to the Camera and its tower. It was curious to see the Shelley memorials at the Bodleian. Expelled in his day, Shelley has now become one of Oxford's most famous sons. The college men of our period are, I think, a fine lot and they seem to uphold the best traditions of the place. They go about with no hats, they prefer to ride their bicycles rather than to walk, and they affect pipes rather than cigarettes. As the clocks struck the hours I could see the noble dons and learned doctors hurrying to their lectures.

Last of all I returned to Christ Church College,

entered the Church itself and feasted my eyes again upon those glorious Burne-Jones windows; and then walked on to the meadows and to the broad walk under the elms. And this was the end of my Oxford pilgrimage.

Coming back to London on the fast afternoon train I made the acquaintance of a little nine-year old named Vivian whose home was at Waltham. I gave her some American and Swiss and French and Italian coins, and she asked me if I was a foreigner and I said I was. At Paddington Station, there were hundreds of flags flying against the arrival of the Crown Prince on the morrow after his long journey to the ends of the earth.

I had a brief hour or two in London and then took another train (at 6:30) southwest, a rushing express whose first stop was Southampton. I saw patches of rhododendrons and the innumerable green trees and hedges of merry England. It was a glorious sunny close of an ideal summer's day. Dorchester was reached at 9:40 in the gathering dusk. I walked into the town and said to the policeman: "Could you direct me to the Kings Arms Hotel?" "It will be a pleasure," those were the words of this wonderful policeman. "Go to the top of the street and at the town cross turn to the right and you will see the hotel on the left. Good night," he added with the same cheery good will. So I followed my directions and here I am in room 17 of the Kings Arms, in Dorchester, or "Casterbridge," where Mayor Henchard had his hard experiences, the central spot of all the Thomas Hardy novels. The town clocks are striking eleven.

IN THOMAS HARDY'S WESSEX

Dorchester is the chief town of Dorset and the center of interest in the old region known as "Wessex" and so denominated in all of Thomas Hardy's novels. It covers a considerable area, this town of Dorchester, and numbers nine or ten thousand inhabitants. In the stores one can buy Kodaks and Singer sewing machines and Armour's canned goods and Ford and Maxwell cars. Back of this crass modernity is the near-modern town of the Hardy novels. It has already disappeared somewhat but one can almost see at the corners of the streets Eustacia Vye and Gabriel Oak and Michael Henchard and Bathsheba Everdene. Antedating them is the historical town of Dorchester, established these many centuries. From this place went to Massachusetts its first governor. On the village street is still seen the house where Judge Jeffreys lived when he was here for his "bloody assizes," and in the museum is the judge's chair which, according to tradition, the old scoundrel used. St. Peter's Church, a noble edifice at the high point of Dorchester, speaks of medieval England. But back of Judge Jeffreys and St. Peter's, centuries back, is the old Roman town of Durnovaria. The Romans laid out these streets, and the substantial Roman roads reach out from the town in all four directions. At one point the Roman town wall is still to be seen, and relics of the mosaic pavements, coins, pottery, swords, and statuary of old Durnovaria are innumerable. On the edge of the town is "Maums-

bury Rings," a grassy mound and arena, the finely preserved remains of a Roman amphitheater. Long before the coming of the Romans, however, this was for many thousands of years a place of human habitation. The evidences are many and curious. Excavations in the amphitheater have revealed bronze-age pottery, picks of red-deer antlers, and flints innumerable. This is a country of barrows or burial mounds of the ancient Celts and Britons, and there are literally hundreds of them in the neighborhood. Some of these have been opened and human relics placed there during successive ages have been uncovered. The oldest skulls are of men of the stone age, for only stone implements are found in connection with them. A few miles from Dorchester is Maiden (or more properly Maidon or Mai-dun) Castle, an ancient great hill fortress. It is a vast prehistoric earth work, absolutely unique. The circumference of the top is a mile and a quarter. This is at a considerable elevation from the plain and is reached by steep slopes and depressions. In the old days access must have been as difficult as to Kenilworth Castle. And all this was accomplished by prehistoric men with their rude picks and scoops. But back of these men is an ancient past quite inconceivable in duration. In the neighborhood of Dorchester have been found elephants' tusks. They seem ancient enough, but they are really absurdly modern, for by their side are the fossilized remains of the early reptilian beasts, ichthyosaurs of the size and somewhat the shape of crocodiles, and a jolly hind paddle of a pliosaurus about seven feet long. The last named

customer complete must have been of stupendous size.

When I say, then, that Wessex is an ancient place, I speak the truth.

Well, then, on my first momentous day in this region I bestirred myself early and before the shops were open I had taken a good look about Dorchester up and down hill and in the older and newer sections. By chance I learned that the townspeople had prepared during successive years dramatic presentations of some of Hardy's novels and tales, given locally, and with great success in London. It seemed to me an interesting thing to locate some member of the company; and after a little inquiry I met a Mr. Pouncy, proprietor of a saddlery shop. He proved a delightful gentleman and he told me of the genesis of the plays and of the parts he had taken personally, such as Gabriel Oak in "Far from the Madding Crowd" and the Constable in "The Three Strangers." In a little his brother went by and he called him over. The brother was a most intelligent and active man, a lecturer and reader, especially of the Hardy novels, and the man who had made the dramatization of the stories. Furthermore, he was now living in the Hardy birthplace, two and a half miles from Dorchester. This Mr. Pouncy had an abundant cordiality and forthwith asked me to take supper at his home, a very human and kindly invitation.

Cheered by this circumstance, I continued my investigations. With great surprise at my own temerity I made my way to the environs of the town and across green fields to Max Gate, the resi-

dence of Mr. Thomas Hardy himself. I rang the bell while a small dog yelped at me, and I sent in my card to Mrs. Hardy who presently appeared. Here I was, an American, an admirer of Mr. Hardy's writings, etc., etc. Did she think Mr. Hardy would be willing to have me meet him for a few minutes? Hesitation, good-will, understanding. Well, possibly. He was not at home at the moment but if I phoned later in the day she would let me know.

Now I turned archæologist and went to the aforementioned Maumsbury Rings associated with the ancient peoples of this region, and later with the Romans, and last of all the meeting-place, as you may recall, of Henchard and Lucetta, and of Henchard and Susan, in "The Mayor of Casterbridge." Then out, a long tramp, to Maiden Castle, one of the most impressive places I have ever seen. It breathes the spirit of the remote past. I stood in a great solitude, at a spot where ancient man had dwelt for many long centuries and had left his mark. Returning to town I encountered a cattle fair of the sort familiar to Hardy readers. Entering I listened to the auctioneer calling out the bids while a group of Dorset farmers stood by. One fat sow brought eight pounds, fourteen shillings. Whether it be much or little I do not know.

In the early afternoon I spent an hour at the County Museum, a fascinating place. Along with all the ancient objects there are some few quite modern. The latter include the original manuscript of "The Mayor of Casterbridge."

Out beyond the military barracks is another mound erected by our remote ancestors, Poundbury.

The remains of a German prison camp, the barbed wire fences still intact, are hard by. Thus is the past united to the present. At this point I sat for a period reading Hermann Lea's delightful and informing "Thomas Hardy's Wessex." Back at the hotel at five o'clock I talked through one of those beastly English telephones and received the welcome intimation that Mr. Hardy would see me. Wasting no time I went to Max Gate forthwith. On a fence gate near the Hardy home an itinerant fanatic has painted a Scripture motto strangely in keeping with that striking incident concerned with poor Tess.

Max Gate is embosomed in thickset trees. I was ushered into a reception room to wait while Mr. and Mrs. Hardy were bidding goodbye to some friends. It was furnished comfortably, not sumptuously and somewhat in the country style. A few bookcases held perhaps two hundred books among which I could distinguish an old set of Thackeray and among new books the volumes by Trevelyan on Garibaldi. On a low table was a four-foot model of a ship—it might be one of Nelson's squadron—its sails all unfurled and flying the Union Jack. Against the wall was a high-boy. Other attractive furnishings but nothing sumptuous, as I have said. The chairs were protected by linen strips bearing a huge letter "H."

Then I was brought into the adjoining room, the main first floor room—the living room, let us say—also very attractive, but modest. Garden flowers, peonies and sweet peas, on the stands, small book cases at a distance; a recent book of H. G. Wells' on a stool. And here were Mr. and Mrs. Hardy.

They greeted me with quiet formality. Mrs. Hardy is a cultured English gentlewoman, many years younger than her husband. Mr. Hardy is visibly old (he is 82 this month) and walks quite deliberately. But he is not infirm and he has all his faculties. He may conceivably live for a number of years more. His hair is sparse and gray, not white. His mustache is streaked with gray. He may weigh 150. He wore a becoming gray suit in good taste. He had a kindly but formal manner. His face shows thought, but no prevailing sadness as might possibly be expected from the sombre tone of his characteristic novels, deep tragedies as they are. I tried to make him do the talking, but it proved difficult. He is a diffident and retiring man temperamentally. They told me in the town that he never appeared in public when he could avoid it, and only once had he been known to make a speech, and that only a few words. It was a rare thing for him to meet strangers—but I had somehow accomplished it.

Mr. Hardy spoke of Hamlin Garland, whom he had met years before and who was about to visit Dorset. He seemed to approve of Hamlin Garland's policy of centering his work in the middle western setting which he knew so well. Contrariwise, he criticised pleasantly Henry James for coming to England and describing English people and scenes. He spoke of "Jude the Obscure" and of Chicago's attitude regarding the pig-killing passage. All the time he sat on a cushioned seat or stool, and spoke easily but very quietly and formally. I dared stay no longer, but after twenty minutes bowed myself

out. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hardy shook me by the hand and were gracious enough to say they were glad to have met me. Were they? I hope so, but am far from sure. On my part it is one of the high points in my experiences this summer.

I now worked my way slowly around the town and walked northwest to Mr. Hardy's early home to meet my appointment with the Pouncys. It is situated on an elevation an eighth of a mile from the road through a stretch of beautiful woods; and just beyond it is Egdon Heath. The cottage is an old picturesque building with a thatched roof. Rose bushes and vines half cover the building, and the grounds are laid out in an irregular sort of a garden. There may be six or seven rooms in the cottage. I found the entire family very delightful and cordial and full of humor and understanding. We had a cold supper and then Mr. Pouncy and I made our way in a few minutes' time through the furze to Rainbarrow at the top of the heath, a famous beacon place in the old days, and the setting of perhaps the most striking scene in Hardy's novels—the opening passage of "The Return of the Native." It was something to have stood there, where that most bewitching woman Eustacia Vye had stood and tried her wiles. Mr. Pouncy forthwith recited whole portions of Hardy, using the Dorset dialect for the dialogue parts, and he sang old country songs. It was the twilight hour and the shadows were deepening on Egdon Heath. Mystery brooded on those heights. The eye could reach over great distances to the south and east. Just below (perhaps a half mile away) was a dairy farm, the very building

where the "Quiet Woman Inn" had been located as described in "The Return of the Native."

We were back at the house at dusk. I saw the room where Thomas Hardy was born, said good night to my kind hosts, and retraced my way to town. It was the longest day of the year and night came reluctantly. The evening stars lit my way. In the fields the sheep were cuddling down to sleep. A few stray wayfarers greeted me. In a half hour I was back in Dorchester; it was eleven o'clock by England's one hour fast time. And thus this long day closed.

The plan I had formed for Thursday was to visit some of the places to the north of Dorchester connected with the Hardy novels. I took at nine o'clock the motor bus which goes through Dorchester on its way to Bournemouth. Four miles distant is Puddletown and there I dismounted. It was the very spot where Gabriel Oak saw the fire at Weatherbury Farm and sprang down from his cart. The town church is hard by. I entered by the door used by Sergeant Troy when he went into the church on a famous occasion. Puddletown overlooks the Frome valley. It is conjectured that Talbothays' dairy farm where Tess had such happy experiences was in the valley below the town. The entire region is idyllic and beautiful. I walked on to Tolpuddle, a mere hamlet. In "Desperate Remedies" Owen is represented as restoring the church at this town. A lane passes from Tolpuddle a little further into the valley a mile or so to Affpuddle crossing on the way the Puddle (or Pydel) brook which gives its name to these villages. It is a quiet, sleepy spot.

The honeysuckle vines on the way gave pleasant odors. In Affpuddle only four people seemed to be up and around. The buildings are cottages with sloping thatched roofs. I went into the churchyard and stood by the side of the church where Clym Yeobright and Eustacia Vye were married. I bared my head, though I disapproved of the marriage.

Returning to the main road I walked on to Bere Regis, the largest of the small towns that border the heath on this side. At the Drax Arms Hotel I had a luncheon of ham and tomatoes and bread and cheese and ginger ale. Bere Regis is a famous old place. In Saxon times it was the residence of the Saxon Queen Elfrida. It has a fine old church with a timber roof in a remarkably perfect state after these many centuries. I saw the memorial window of the Turberville family, an authentic old family of these parts, which suggested to Thomas Hardy the background for his D'Urberville romance.

And now I struck southeast on the road, straight as an arrow, leading seven miles across the Great Heath to Wareham. Whatever else may have changed in this country the heath remains substantially as it was in the time of the Celts. It stretches all the way to Bournemouth. I had seen it the night before on Rainbarrow. It is overgrown with heather and gorse and bracken and is dark green and brown in color. Sometimes small clumps of trees attach themselves to it but it is mostly bare, broken by hills and depressions or swales. Occasionally a little land is reclaimed from the Heath and there is a farm.

My walk of seventeen miles was concluded at Wareham. This town of two thousand inhabitants is on the direct line from Poole to Dorchester. It is an ancient place, well known in Roman times, the spoil of Saxons and Danes, a place of desperate military fortunes in the old days and now a quiet town confined almost wholly within its one-thousand-year-old walls. How such a place appeals to one's imagination!

On the way by train to Dorchester I passed, at the little village of Wool, Woolbridge House where poor Tess lived through those few days of her tragic honeymoon.

My last day in the Thomas Hardy country saw me doing a few errands in the town of Dorchester early in the morning: a visit to "Hangman's Cottage," connected with the short story "The Withered Arm," another visit to the museum to see the manuscript of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and to look again at the hind foot of the pliosaurus; and a few closing good-byes to my friends Mr. Pouncy and Mr. Ling, the bookseller. It was hard to leave Dorchester after my delightful experiences there.

A train now took me northwesterly. At Maiden Newton I was reminded of the stop that Tess made here for luncheon on her way to Flintcomb-Ash. The train went through Yeovil and on straight north and then northeast, seeking the valleys and traversing that exceedingly beautiful English country side. At Westbury it went on to Bath, while I changed and in another half hour mounted another train going a little south of east to Salisbury, which I reached about 1:30 o'clock. Engaging a room at

the County Hotel, I left my bag and then spent a little time at the Cathedral, a famous building in Early English style complete, built in the thirteenth century and possessing the highest spire in England, 404 feet.

But I was not quite through with Wessex. In order to get to Shaftesbury it had been necessary to come through to Salisbury. I now took a train on another line following the valley due west some miles to a little village called Semley. At this point I walked up the hill three miles to Shaftesbury. The day was gloriously cool and bright and the walk was all that the heart of man could desire, up from the valley on to the heights with great vistas at every turn. The road wound its way at times through a beautiful stretch of woods.

At Wareham and Dorchester I had been in south Wessex. From Puddletown to Bere Regis on Thursday I had crossed the middle section. And now at Shaftesbury I was nearly at the northern boundary. The town is called "Shaston" in the Hardy novels. It is a very old town going back to Saxon times. In ancient days there was an abbey here, and also a nunnery founded by King Alfred. The town now has about two thousand inhabitants. The old and the new are curiously mingled in Shaftsbury as in all these Dorset towns. I walked quite through the place and stopped when the road began to descend to the south. Beyond to the southwest was the fertile and entrancing Blackmore Vale, very bright and pretty in the afternoon sunlight. Four or five miles distant was the town of "Marlott" (properly Marnhull) the girlhood home of Tess. Here she

first caught a glimpse of Angel Clare. And across the hill to the southeast of the point where I stood was Cranborne Chase, the scene of Tess' undoing at the hands of Alec D'Urberville.

Retracing my steps through town I came to Bymport, an attractive street leading to an esplanade where another wonderful view of the valley may be had. At the schoolhouse the children were just being dismissed for the day; and I heard one boy calling another a nanny-goat, for reasons best known to himself. At this veritable schoolhouse Jude the Obscure visited Sue Phillotson. She lodged at Old-Grove's Place hard by. This extraordinarily interesting locality is therefore closely associated with one of the deepest of Hardy's tragedies.

I returned to Semley thinking in a melancholy way of the drab and hopeless fortunes of Jude and of the two women he loved. And thus I left the Hardy country. In another hour I was back in Salisbury. The Cathedral bells were pealing the hour.

RETURNING TO THE NORTH

Having returned to Salisbury from my little trip to Shaftesbury, I took another look at the Cathedral and then sat me down to a course dinner at the County Hotel, very grand in quality and price. A company from St. James' Theatre, London, was playing "Lady Windermere's Fan." I bought myself a seat and spent a pleasant evening, though the play was better than the acting, as often happens.

In the morning my first objective was Stonehenge, which is situated on Salisbury Plain ten miles to the north of Salisbury. Rain seemed imminent, but it held off most of the day. A bus took me to Amesbury, an old-fashioned village about two miles from my destination. Having walked the remaining distance and entered the enclosure, I found that the only other visitors at the moment were two young chaps, who had come all the way from home this Saturday morning thirty-five miles on their bicycles (or "push-bikes" as ordinarily called, to distinguish them from the motorcycles). They were most intelligent fellows, and very cordial. We examined Stonehenge in company and discussed conjecturally the life of early man. Stonehenge seems to have been a place of worship or sacrifice. It dates quite possibly as far back as 1500 B. C. and if so was in operation five hundred years before Solomon built the Temple at Jerusalem. The stones are huge and heavy and must have been brought from a considerable distance, for they are flinty rocks and there is nothing but chalk in the immediate neigh-

borhood. A number of artificial mounds (all probably barrows similar to those I had found further south) are to be seen all around Stonehenge. It was at this ancient place of worship that Tess and her husband, Angel Clare, were apprehended by the authorities after their flight north. So here was still another link with Thomas Hardy's novels.

Stonehenge has been for many years (perhaps for centuries) in the midst of a quiet grazing country with only an occasional farm house in sight. But during the war great aerodromes and accompanying buildings—now being torn down—were built hard by; and a mile or two distant is a great military camp. It is to be hoped that after a little Stonehenge will be left in peace. The souls of our ancestors should not be disturbed at such a place.

I returned to Amesbury a little before noon and caught a motor bus back to Salisbury. My feet just naturally took me again to that glorious cathedral. I sat at the back for an hour and a half and really imbibed a great deal of the beauty and majesty of the building. A thousand years ago I was unquestionably a monk, and probably an illuminator of manuscripts. In Cromwell's day I was an ironmonger (let us say) of London—a Roundhead, a Puritan, pious and narrowminded. Later I was, I think, a poor Fellow at Oxford teaching Greek to reluctant youth. In due time I became an American; I flattened my a's and learned to say "I guess"—but, alas, I did not better my worldly estate.

When I finally left Salisbury Cathedral I found that the weather was what the English call nahsty —rain and mist with a cold wind. I managed to get

to the station without becoming very damp, and I spent an unconscionable time in slow trains, with a wait at Woking thrown in, in getting to Guildford. I have no very impelling reason to give why I should go to Guilford. I liked its look on the map. It is in Surrey and I had never been in Surrey. The road from Guildford to Dorking is part of the old Pilgrims' Way leading to Canterbury. If I took this and got through the twelve miles maybe I could see the milk-white hens of Dorking owned by the lady Jingly Jones. But, chiefly, I seemed to recollect that Lewis Carroll had lived at Guildford.

Well, to Guildford I went, and the rain now having almost ceased I walked up the main street to Ye Angel Hotel and engaged a room right up under the eaves in that old and interesting hostelry. The town is built on a hillside and is most picturesque and attractive with many very old buildings. I found Lewis Carroll's home—"The Chestnuts"—on a street leading up to the Castle; and at the book store I saw some interesting Lewis Carroll treasures, including a few books with his autograph.

On the succeeding Sunday morning (June 25) I started about nine o'clock with my pilgrim staff on the way to Dorking. The road leads through town a long way. One feels like a horse with blinders as one walks between these hedges and fences with nothing to be seen but the road straight ahead. But in due time the country opened out and I began to mount slowly, past golf links and a broken stretch, and suddenly was on the heights and looking back to Guildford and a great reach of country to the north and west. A little further on and

a similar view to the south and east was disclosed. This was Surrey, one of the loveliest counties of England. I had never seen a more beautiful sight of the kind; it nearly made me weep for joy. When the pilgrims going to Canterbury on a gloriously clear Sunday morning came upon this hill top they must have bowed down and worshipped. I felt like it myself.

As I descended the hill I came upon an old woman in the sorriest kind of rags and weighted down with a half dozen packs and bundles. She was making almost no speed at all going up hill. She was the very picture of the old woman in "The Tramp Transfigured," only she was, as she told me, going to Guildford and not to Piddinghoe. She said she had been caught in all of yesterday's rain and had slept the night through in her wet clothes. But she was good-natured and she asked for no sympathy. I gave her a small handful of coppers. She chuckled kindly and said: "Good luck to ye, my chap," and started again on her laborious journey. As for myself I continued down hill, went past some attractive cottages with holly hedges at the front, traversed a sort of lover's lane—the lovers were there, as was proper on a Sunday morning—and came to the curious old village of Shere. At the far end I abandoned the plan of going through to Dorking and seeing Lady Jingly's milk-white hens, and I turned north on a little lane going up hill under overarching trees, an enticing path that seemed just made for me. After a little my lane became a path and I was walking on a carpet of leaves in a stretch of woods. Then appeared a cross

path or woodsy road going west; and for a couple of miles I walked through deep woods. The roads and paths were very uncertain. I might have been a thousand miles from anywhere—but London was in fact only thirty miles away. After awhile I came out on the main road and walked alongside the Surrey downs and so back to Guildford which I reached at one o'clock after a fifteen-mile ramble.

At the station I picked up a leisurely train and in an hour and a half dismounted at Waterloo, London; thence by the Underground to the familiar Holborn. The West Central Hotel was now my headquarters. It is opposite the Imperial and is cheaper and more quiet. On the train I had reckoned up my moneys and my remaining expenses, always a harrowing experience. But I was cheered by the motto over the washbowl in my room at the West Central—"The Lord Will Provide"—and accepted it like an oracle from Delphi.

That Sunday evening I went again to the City Temple and was one of a great audience listening with unbroken attention to a simple and powerful address given by Dr. Jefferson. One feels at such a moment as if he were a slight atom of a sort of collective personality—an Anglo-Saxon entity that thinks much the same and has had a long continuous history. Then I strolled back a few miles through my customary London haunts, and so finished the evening.

A pitiless rain fell next day from morning to night. This day witnessed the solemn burial at St. Paul's Cathedral of Sir Henry Wilson who had been assassinated a few days previously. I stood on the

sidewalk close to Trafalgar Square and watched the funeral procession. It was indeed a remarkable sight, almost unparalleled in my experience. When the procession was formed at Eaton Square, Chopin's Funeral March was played, I believe, but on all the rest of the journey not a drum was heard, not a funeral note—only the tramp of horses and the measured tramp of men. Some of the most distinguished troops in the British Army were there—the Horse Guards in red cloaks, silver helmets, nodding plumes, uplifted swords, then the Life Guards, the First Welsh Guards, the First Scots Guards, the Coldstream Guards and the Grenadier Guards, as handsome and stalwart a company of men as could well be found in the armies of the world. The coffin was draped with the British flag and on the top was Sir Henry Wilson's sword and hat. In the company of distinguished men following the bier were Marshal Foch and Admiral Beatty and Lord Haig and of course many others.

I came away with a deep impression of the greatness of these English people. Oh, I know everything that can be objected, and I have some objections myself. But the hope of the world does rest pretty largely in these sober and upright Britons and in the Anglo-Saxon peoples across the sea. My feeling is that the proportion of intelligent and resourceful and creative Italians is comparatively small. The French people I do not understand and hence I cannot judge fairly; but their general frothiness and love of display repels me, though I think I understand and sympathize with their national difficulties and aims. The Germans are under

a cloud of their own seeking. The Russians have not emerged. For the present, and in our day, we must look chiefly to the best elements in England and America for the advancement and well-being of the world.

In the late afternoon of that Monday I called again at Ginn and Company's office for a cup of tea and a visit. Morss and I later had dinner at his club, the Royal Societies' Club, and talked on until after ten o'clock. At the hotel I read for a long time in Austin Dobson's "Old-World Idylls," a very graceful volume of verses which I commend to all my friends.

The morning of Tuesday was occupied by a sentimental journey. I took the train from Liverpool Street through a flat region of factories and of truck farms to Broxbourne station some fifteen miles from London. Finding my way over to the town itself, I walked several miles toward London. This was the central portion of Hertfordshire and close to the place at which Charles Lamb's grandmother lived in his boyhood and which he describes in "Blakesmoor in H——shire." The road for miles is almost one continuous street. I hope this was true in Lamb's day so that he did not lack for human companionship when he walked through this region, as he must have done frequently. Many of the buildings are very old, and were old a hundred years ago. The inns are still there and doing business—the "Haunch of Venison," the "Rose and Crown" and all the rest. I liked to think that at these hostelries he had stopped for his mug of ale.

At Waltham Cross I took a bus for Edmonton.

After some inquiry at the latter place, I found the old churchyard; and thereabouts discovered a very courteous fellow who took me through the winding paths overgrown with grass, desolate and forsaken, to the goal of my little pilgrimage. There he left me. It was quarter to one o'clock, and I stood uncovered at the grave of Charles Lamb. For over thirty years I have loved this man as a brother. Few people that I have ever met in the flesh do I understand as well. The grave itself is well looked after and is bright with geraniums. Charles Lamb sleeps under the wind and the rain in a quiet spot but only slightly removed from the rumble and roar that appealed to him so strongly. Mary Lamb is buried in the same grave. I found presently in the village the house where they lived in Charles Lamb's last years. It is still called Lamb's Cottage. I stood at the gate when as it chanced an old feeble man, incredibly old and so infirm that belike he died that afternoon, came along from some errand in the village and invited me with great old-world civility to step inside. We sat in the room that was Charles Lamb's and where (quite probably) he died. He and Mary were simply lodgers there. Then the old man took me out to the back garden which must have been a pleasant place of retreat for Lamb and his sister. The house and garden cannot have changed much in the past century; I could project myself back very easily. Last of all my kind friend tottered out with me, uttering little asthmatic coughs the while, a few doors down the street and showed me the house that had been occupied by Dr. Ham-

mond, the very place where John Keats served his surgeon's apprenticeship.

In an hour I was back again at the heart of London. I went on a few last errands, including of course a visit to Liberty's, the most fascinating of shops; and with very great reluctance, as always—it pulls on one's heartstrings to do so—I left London for another and last week in the country. This time my express train took me straight north to Cambridge. A little before six o'clock I was walking the streets of that university town. Rejected at the Red Lion Hotel where I had written ahead for accommodations (the town was full of visitors, it seems) I found a very comfortable room in a lodging house. Near by the bells of St. Mary's Church pealed the hours and quarter hours, and out of my windows I could see the spires of King's College Chapel.

For an hour that evening I paddled in a rented canoe up and down the Cam River at the "Backs," under picturesque bridges, by the side of green meadows and those beautiful college buildings with their Gothic towers and pinnacles. The evening was as perfect an evening as ever was created and the setting sun touched up the building tops and windows. I shall not attempt to describe the indescribable.

A dull and gray day ensued, with sprinkles at intervals and a steady rain in the late afternoon and evening. It interfered of course but I am skillful at dodging these English raindrops. See me then walking about these classic streets and lanes and entering every college quadrangle that lay in my

path. At such a place all the slight baggage that one carries of learning and culture becomes eloquent and significant. I like Cambridge as well as Oxford. Perhaps I was a poor Fellow here and not at Oxford. It would have suited me—say, King's, or Trinity, or St. John's, or Queens, or even Corpus Christi. Yes, in some respects Corpus Christi more than the others. There are still some Richardsons hereabouts: butchers and barbers, and a Madame Richardson who sells hats.

Well, I renewed my acquaintance with all of these colleges—Christ's and Emmanuel and Pembroke, St. Peter's, St. Catharine's. At Queen's I went through to the Cam and sat on a tree trunk at the river's side. It was a lovely spot. Then on to King's, though without seeing the Chapel this time for it was closed. And through Trinity with its great Quadrangle and inner court, thinking of its many associations. At St. John's I found a friendly porter who took me through the Commons and the Masters' and Fellows' room. I should like to have attended St. John's—in Wordsworth's day, let us say. Cambridge has been richer in poets than Oxford.

And the book stores! There is an enticing one in every street. Heffer's shop is one of the best in England and hence in the world. I was there about three hours, looking over countless treasures and breaking the tenth commandment at every step. Yes, I picked up a few books here. I have bought so many books on this trip that I shall have to live on corned beef and cabbage for a year, though I detest 'em.

An interesting time was spent in the Fitzwilliam

Museum. It contains a creditable collection of antiquities from the Orient, some old Masters, a number of modern paintings (by Rossetti, Burne-Jones and others), and treasures of various kinds. There is one of the thirteen impressions on vellum of the Kelmscott Chaucer, the loveliest of printed books, and the original of the Burne-Jones drawings for it. There is a series of woodcut impressions of Rossetti's drawings to illustrate Tennyson's poems, with many pencil notations of the artist. There are Severn's portrait of Keats and a lock of Keats's hair clipped by Severn on the poet's death. There are letters written by George Washington and Napoleon and Beethoven, the entire manuscript of Hardy's "Jude the Obscure," a page of Thackeray's "Adventures of Philip" and a number of Thackeray's drawings. There is the original of Rupert Brooke's "Grantchester," an exquisite thing; and letters of Oliver Cromwell, and Byron, and Wordsworth. There is a large marble model of the Taj Mahal.

Thursday dawned gloriously, but the ugly clouds came along in due time, and I was again doing my best to escape the rain. On this day also I sought to establish if possible connections with the past—with medieval England and earlier. The most interesting event of the morning was a visit to Corpus Christi Library. I had attempted the day before repeatedly to secure entrance but without success. Now I made an appointment with the librarian, Sir Geoffrey Butler, who proved genial and cordial, a regular fellow in the best sense, and genuinely devoted, as a librarian should be, to the volumes under his charge. The library contains some of the

choicest early English manuscripts in existence—of Bede's and St. Anselm's and others—and priceless treasures from the old monasteries written in Greek and Latin and Anglo-Saxon. I was shown some wonderful illuminated books in vellum of the eleventh and twelfth centuries (some of the most famous extant), and a number of early printed books of German, French, and Italian presses. Then Sir Geoffrey took me to the old court of the College, the most ancient portion (almost) of Cambridge University, and explained quite clearly how the College probably looked on its establishment in the fourteenth century. Last of all he pointed out the window of the room occupied by Christopher Marlowe when he wrote "Tamburlaine." After I had parted from my kind guide I entered the adjoining Church of St. Benedict, reputed to be the oldest church in England, with a famous Anglo-Saxon arch. It is a curious little place and it exhales the atmosphere of old times.

Well, I left Cambridge reluctantly after an interesting day and a half. As a natural continuation of my Corpus Christi experience I decided to post on to Bury St. Edmunds. It lies some miles to the east of Cambridge and is a sleepy town of sixteen thousand inhabitants. The shops were closed up tight for their Thursday afternoon holiday and I walked through deserted streets where much was new of course but where many buildings were quite old and weatherbeaten. At the end of the town is the ancient relic that makes the place famous—the ruins of the old Abbey built in the eleventh century over the tomb of St. Edmund, the last East Anglian

king. I recalled quite vividly the account of Bury Abbey in Carlyle's "Past and Present" and more particularly "The Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond" on which Carlyle had based his account. The Abbey gateway is intact but inside there are only scattered ruins—stretches of wall, picturesque arches, and similar relics. The eye of the imagination can reconstruct much, however. To me it is one of the most impressive spots of England. Here it was, I feel sure, that I was a monk. One of the choicest of the manuscript books in Corpus Christi is my work. It is an old Psalter and at the back is placed a curious account of beasts and birds, with moralizings thereon.

The Abbey grounds are now used for the town botanic gardens and are lively with flowers. It happened also that I arrived on a special occasion. The townspeople were celebrating, and the young children were having "village revels." The latter proved a real bit of Merrie England. There was a fiddler in a smocked linen gown and green cocked hat. He played, and a small boy sang while two of his pals danced. Then a group of twelve-year-old girls danced a sort of old-fashioned minuet. Then a bevy of little girls who had been waiting on the side lines rushed forward to the maypole. They were five to eight years old and were dressed in pinks and blues and yellows and lavenders and greens and white, their little dresses and caps of just the right archaic cut. Well, they had been beautifully trained and when they went through with their exercises around the maypole and sang their little song and finally bowed to each other and to

the audience and tripped away to their places, I thought that the world could hold nothing more charming. If Abbot Samson had been there he would have smiled benignantly, and my friend Jocelin would have described it in his Chronicle.

The skies smiled upon that little festival; but as I retraced my steps to the station, lo, a black cloud and a deluge. Then the rain was over for that day. From four o'clock until nine I now "messed around," as the English say, on slow trains and sat at junction points. I was going north to Lincoln through a flat agricultural country. At one place I was surprised to see a windmill with great swinging arms. At last Lincoln Cathedral appeared set up on a hill. I shall always remember it as I saw it with the setting sun casting its rays against its top.

MY CLOSING DAYS AND RETURN

My hotel in Lincoln was the Saracen's Head, my room being a huge one where I slept in a canopied bed very soft and deep. Before dark I mounted up the steep hillside streets to the Cathedral and viewed that great building from all sides, as the evening shadows deepened and the new moon crept across the topmost towers. Lincoln Cathedral is 480 feet long, and if one counts the enclosure and the Cathedral grounds the territory that it occupies is much greater. As I looked at its massive exterior I could well accept the general judgment that it is the finest Church in England.

In the morning I pursued my investigation. This time I was of course successful in gaining admission to the Cathedral. It chanced to be the hour for morning service, and I slipped into the choir, being one of a very small company of the faithful who attended the service. For an hour I sat in that hushed and solemn place, following the passages as best I could. This Angel Choir built in the thirteenth century has been called "one of the loveliest of human works." The carving of the stalls and all the other furnishings were quite exquisite. This was a moment of such repose and beauty that I sighed when the service came to an end and I was thrown upon my own resources again.

The basis of Lincoln Cathedral is Norman and some parts of the original structure—closing part of the eleventh century—remain to this day. I should like to have met the original projectors of this

noble edifice. It crowns the heights of Lincoln and sets its stamp on all this region. I endeavored to find the librarian of the Cathedral library (for I had learned that it contains some treasures) but I was unsuccessful. However, the verger took me through the cloisters and up through the library rooms, so that I was not cheated altogether of a view of the place. Leaving the Cathedral I hunted up the Newport Arch which is, if you will believe me, the authentic gate (that is, one of the gates) of the old Roman town on this site built at the beginning of the Christian era. Such an object awakens strange emotions. The very stones speak.

At the beginning of the afternoon I took the train a distance westward to a small town called Retford and immediately started on an eight-mile tramp north through a flat but interesting country. The day as usual was partly overcast and when every half hour or so the dark clouds swept across the sky from west to east rain was likely. I was traversing the North Road leading direct to York and Edinburgh. It was unquestionably a thoroughfare in the days of the Pilgrims and on this road Elder Brewster himself must have been in his day a foot traveler like myself. I approached the tiny village of Scrooby, the very cradle of New England Puritanism. Almost none of its buildings go back to Brewster's day, but the present house on the site of Brewster Manor is open to visitors and it bears a tablet. I was welcomed cordially. There had been only two other Americans there this year (from New Jersey). Three men from Utah—one of them

the president of a Mormon institution in Salt Lake City—had visited the place last December.

I retraced my steps to the old Scrooby church and was shown through it by a woman sixty years old or thereabouts, the postmistress of the village. She pointed out the Brewster pew and other points of interest, and said that years ago when Mr. Bradley bought the old Scrooby church font (it should never have been sold, she said) her father was overseer of the parish. In her visitors' book at the postoffice she kept a roster of all the American visitors in thirty successive years.

Well, I had an interesting time at Scrooby, as you see. I hurried away, for another storm was coming and I had over two miles to cover in the next three-quarters of an hour in order to catch my train at the next town. The rain came and I crept under a bush for ten minutes. I was half soaked, but I dried out before I mounted my train. Some miles beyond I changed to another train for Nottingham, and sat in a compartment with a young Derbyshire chap, a private in His Majesty's army. He talked a continuous stream and told me all his personal history—but in a dialect so broad and otherwise so extraordinary that I could understand him only with the greatest difficulty. As to his future he told me that when he left the army he purposed to be a professional boxer. He had already started on his career and showed a swelled jaw and a lame wrist, the result of his last bout.

It was after dark when I reached Nottingham and put up at the Victoria Station Hotel. There was no great reason why I should have come to

this city or having come should have stopped. But I had a sort of sentiment about it, it being at the southern end of the region known as Sherwood Forest, and I thought that in deference to Robin Hood I might as well sit down and look around.

July was ushered in by another gray and partly rainy day. I tramped over a goodly section of Nottingham in the morning, and paid a visit to the grounds of the old Norman castle, of some interest in itself and also because of a museum of antiquities and paintings which is included in the enclosure. Nottingham is, however, an industrial town almost wholly and it depressed me with its sights of sordidness and poverty. I moved on at the beginning of the afternoon to another town, also on the border of the Sherwood Forest region—Mansfield, not many miles north of Nottingham. Here I hoped to have a tramp almost as far north as Worksop which would have taken me quite through the best of the Sherwood Forest area. In fact, I did cover several miles and was able to get a good idea of the country, slightly rolling, fairly pleasing, and still beautified with clumps of old trees and stretches of woods. In our day it is, strictly speaking, no more of a forest than is the Schwartzwald of Germany; and it was difficult, even with the aid of the imagination, to reproduce the scenes in which Robin Hood and Friar Tuck and Maid Marian figured so romantically.

The rain had now set in in earnest and I was glad to return to my good inn, the Swan Hotel, an old and comfortable hostelry. Here I had a fine dinner and then stretched out comfortably before the fire

and read my book, while the wind blew and the rain pattered outside. Every day I have, of course, done some reading and have largely consumed the goodly company of books I have lugged along with me on this trip to the north.

A glance at the sky Sunday morning showed me that the same noteworthy weather was being continued. In the course of the morning I had a bit of a stroll through town but for the most part contented myself with my book. At noon I took a train to Nottingham, where I mounted an express for Manchester, where I found my Liverpool train waiting. The journey consumed in all five hours. It rained when I started and it was raining in Liverpool when I landed, but now and again it stopped in between. The trip across Derbyshire was especially attractive.

In the evening after reaching Liverpool I walked down to the docks to see the argosies from the mighty deep, and discovered that the "Adriatic" of the White Star Line had just arrived—a fine upstanding boat. An ocean steamship is an object of perennial interest.

Monday was spent pleasantly: first in meeting two friends from Boston (who came on the "Pittsburg") and in piloting them about town, and second in meeting my sister arriving on the "Canopic." We had dinner at the hotel with one of the other "Canopic" passengers. The best that could be done for me by the hotel people that night was to place a cot for my accommodation in one of the bath-rooms. I had never slept in a bath-room before,

but it can be done and I recommend it to other distressed travelers.

Early on American Independence Day we went out to Huyton and had a good visit with Isobel at Liverpool College. Then back, and on by train to London. That evening and most of the next day and again the second evening we were with friends and we luxuriated in the human companionship and in the many absorbing sights of London.

Thursday noon, July 6, I sailed from Southampton. My boat train had left London at 9:10 o'clock that morning. The Canadian Pacific "Melita" (14,000 tons) has now been my home for eight days. We left in a great gale of wind and in making the crossing to Cherbourg pitched and tossed sufficiently to make many of the passengers lose all interest in life. That night was clear and I beheld the wandering moon and eve's one star. It was, however, the only pleasant evening in a week. Those who were poor sailors moaned and protested those first days, for the wind howled and the boat creaked and danced. The climax was reached on Sunday. It was difficult to make any progress in the companionways without holding on to the rails, and in walking the decks the salt spray blew in one's face and the bow and stern plunged up and down in a picturesque way. As the week advanced we calmed down and the passengers who had been on the point of death crawled out of their holes. But then the fog enveloped us and for the better part of two days the fog whistle blew dismally. One whole night we stopped completely.

My acquaintances are practically confined to a

little group of men—to three in particular who sit with me at a small table in the dining room and discuss affairs of heaven and earth three times a day. During these days I have observed my fellows, listening to the wonderful trivialities of ordinary conversation, wondering why he married her and why she married him, and engaging in other similar sociological pastimes. But mostly I have spent my time in reading—in the lounge, in the drawing-room, occasionally on deck, but mainly in my cabin. Since leaving Southampton I have consumed two volumes of Hardy's stories; Squire's "Selections from Modern Poets," De'Lucchi's "Anthology of Italian Poems," and some five other books of poems; volumes of essays by Gosse, Lynd, Murry, Strachey, and Norwood; three of Holberg's comedies, four of Aeschylus' tragedies in the Morshead translation, and the "Original Plays" of W. S. Gilbert; and, finally, Butcher's "Aspects of the Greek Genius," and Mackail's "Lectures on Poetry." Of the whole lot the Strachey and the Mackail volumes were the best.

And now I am coming home—with considerable reluctance. I have the hope in my heart that I may do it again some more. My predicament is that of Kipling's time-expired soldier-man: "I can't drop it if I tried."

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